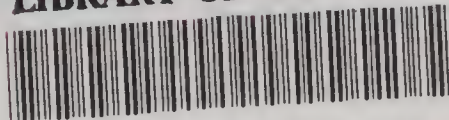


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*"Tell me of a land that's fair,
With the smile of heaven there."*

Scenic and Historical
GUIDE
to the
Shenandoah Valley

A Handbook of Useful Information
For Tourists and Students

By
John W. Wayland

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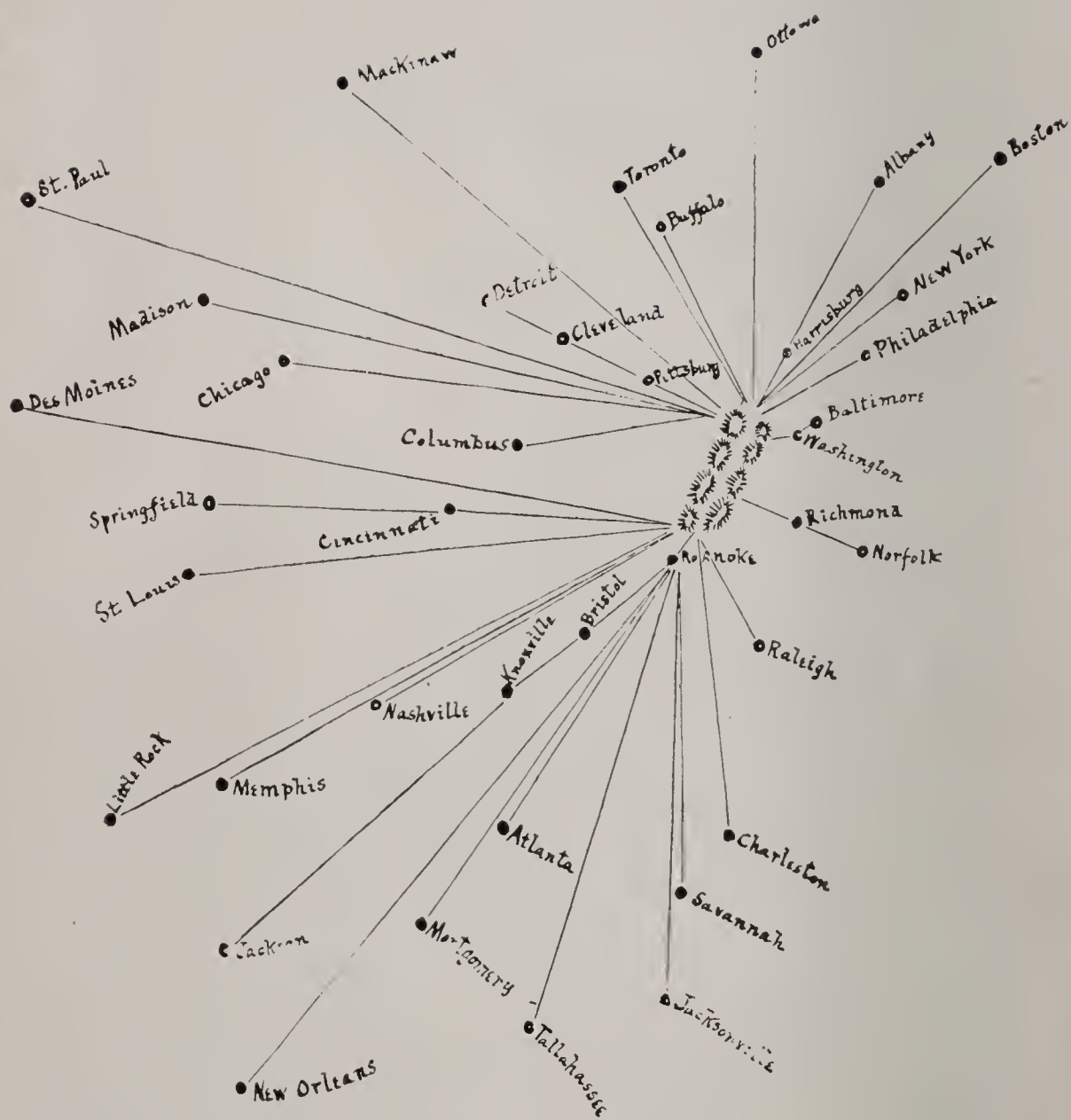
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All Roads Lead to the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia

PART ONE

A Mecca for Tourists

If one inquires why tourists and travelers come to the Shenandoah Valley every year in increasing thousands, the answer is found written in the land itself, in its thriving industries, and in its splendid history. In Saint Paul's cathedral, London, it is said, on a tablet to the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, are these words:

"If you would see his monument, look about you."

In the Shenandoah Valley, if you would know the reason for its fame, look about you!

Historic Towns

Martinsburg, Shepherdstown, Harper's Ferry, and Charles Town, in West Virginia, are all historic and inviting. Farther up the Valley, in Virginia, are Winchester, Berryville, Strasburg, and Front Royal, to mention only the larger towns and cities; and farther up still, on either side of the beautiful Massanutten Mountain, are Woodstock, Luray, New Market, Shenandoah, Harrisonburg, and Elkton; beyond the Massanutten, where the Valley broadens out again from Blue Ridge to Alleghanies, are Dayton, Bridgewater, Mt. Crawford, Basic, Waynesboro, and Staunton; and beyond Staunton, with her hills and her history, across the high lands that divide the waters, is Lexington, the "West Point of the South."

Battlefields

From the days of the French and Indian War,

the Revolution, and the Civil War, romance and tragedy have written their story in this beautiful valley, making every foot of the ground sacred with the blood of patriots and glorious with their deeds of valor. At Winchester a large part of Braddock's army rendezvoused for the fatal march against Fort Duquesne, and there Wash-



Washington's Headquarters, Winchester

ington later had his headquarters while trying to defend the frontiers against the infuriated savages. It was from Winchester that Daniel Morgan, "The Thunderbolt of the Revolution," led his rifle company by quick marches to join the minute-men at Boston. In the Civil War great battles were fought all around Winchester, Martinsburg, Shepherdstown, Harper's Ferry, and Berryville. Kernstown, where Jackson and Shields clashed in what Jackson declared to be the hardest battle of the war, is only three miles south of Winchester, and Cedar Creek, where Sheridan rallied his men after the guns of battle had hurried him out at dawn on that famous ride, is only twelve miles beyond Kernstown.

At Strasburg, eighteen miles southwest of Winchester, the signal stations of Blue and Gray, alternating in possession, waved their messages down from the Massanutten heights to all the bloody fields—Cedar Creek, Middletown, Front Royal, and Fisher's Hill; and on the crest of the bluff at Strasburg the outline of Banks's fort, after sixty years, stands out in bold relief. Farther up the Valley Pike one crosses Rude's Hill and then shortly the celebrated battle ground at New Market. Turning southward from the Pike at Harrisonburg, one soon comes to Cross Keys and Port Republic, and then, a few miles beyond, to Mt. Meridian and Piedmont.

Famous Men

From end to end, through all its hundred miles and more, the Shenandoah Valley is rich in its associations with famous men. From the early days when young George Washington rode out from Greenway Court and White Post to compass the sylvan principality of Thomas Lord Fairfax, down to the recent day when Robert T. Lincoln came to visit the home of his ancestors, this land has been garlanded with illustrious names. Even before the days of Washington, Alexander Spotswood, "The Tubal Cain of Virginia," led his gallant band across the Blue Ridge, at Swift Run Gap, and celebrated the expedition by founding the Order of the Horseshoe. Lewis Wetsel and Daniel Boone, Daniel Morgan and John Sevier, James Rumsey and Horatio Gates, James Wood and Jost Hite, John Lewis and his famous sons, the Zanes, the Lincolns, Peter Muhlenberg and Gabriel Jones, all these were either native sons or sojourners for long seasons. In the lower Valley, John Esten Cooke, Philip Pendleton Cooke, and "Porte Crayon" wrought in fancy and in color; in the upper Valley, Joseph Funk and Sidney Lanier touched the silences into music.

Throughout its length and breadth the Valley holds traditions of Stonewall Jackson and Turner Ashby. Staunton was the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson. From Madison Hall, near Port Republic, came James Madison, a cousin of the President and the first Church of England bishop of Virginia. Francis Asbury and Lorenzo Dow were well known here in the long ago. Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson passed along the historic turnpike on their journeys north and south; Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun were occasional visitors.

Striking Landmarks

The water gap at Harper's Ferry, where the Shenandoah joins the Potomac and the united torrent then bursts through the Blue Ridge, is one of the marvels of nature. Thomas Jefferson regarded it as a feature of sublimity and wonder. A greater wonder in which beauty and majesty adorn the landscape for fifty miles, is the Massanutten Mountain, which rises abruptly out of the Valley at Strasburg and sinks as abruptly at Harrisonburg. Four miles northwest of Winchester is Round Hill; west of the Pike, between Mt. Jackson and New Market, is Third Hill; near Dayton, four miles west of Harrisonburg, is Mole Hill; just back of Bridgewater is Round Hill (No. 2); west of the Pike, between Mt. Crawford and Burketown, is Grattan's Hill; and at Staunton are the twin hills, Betsy Bell and Mary Gray. Other striking landmarks are Edinburg Gap and New Market Gap, in the Massanutten Mountain; Brock's Gap, in the Alleghanies back of Timberville and Broadway; Peaked Mountain, as seen from Elkton and McGaheysville; Buffalo Gap and Mount Elliott, west of Staunton; and House Mountain, west of Lexington.

Beautiful Views

At certain places in the Valley, by reason of

elevation and outlook, the observer enjoys unusual advantages for extended view. From the hills along Cedar Creek, on the old battlefield, the outlook in every direction is magnificent. From the bridge across the Shenandoah, between Front Royal and Riverton, one beholds a scene of surpassing loveliness. From Fisher's Hill, from the old Star Fort at Winchester, from the Rumsey monument at Shepherdstown, and from Bolivar Heights, above Harper's Ferry, the panoramas are entrancing. The top of the Massanutten opposite Woodstock affords a marvelous sight of the Shenandoah River far below, winding back and forth in a maze of gigantic loops. The summit of Rude's Hill, midway between Mt. Jackson and New Market, affords the tourist on a fair day what is perhaps the most beautiful view in the whole Valley. From Pence's Hill, between Edinburg and Hawkinstown, the whole Massanutten range, in its entire length of fifty miles, may be seen.

The New Market Gap, as one crosses toward Luray, gives a splendid prospect of the Valley north and west. The traveler should pause a moment there, on the old trail of Jackson's "foot cavalry," and enjoy the scenes of peace and plenty that now abound. Skyland, in the Blue Ridge, opposite Luray, and Swift Run Gap, opposite Elkton, lift the vision to exalted heights. In leaving the Valley from Staunton and Waynesboro, going toward Charlottesville, one crosses the Blue Ridge at Afton, and thereby looks down upon a glorious landscape from the gates of Swananoa. In going west from Staunton, to McDowell and Monterey, the traveler crosses one mountain after another, and is delighted with a succession of marvelous scenes from the rugged heights.

Natural Curiosities and Wonders

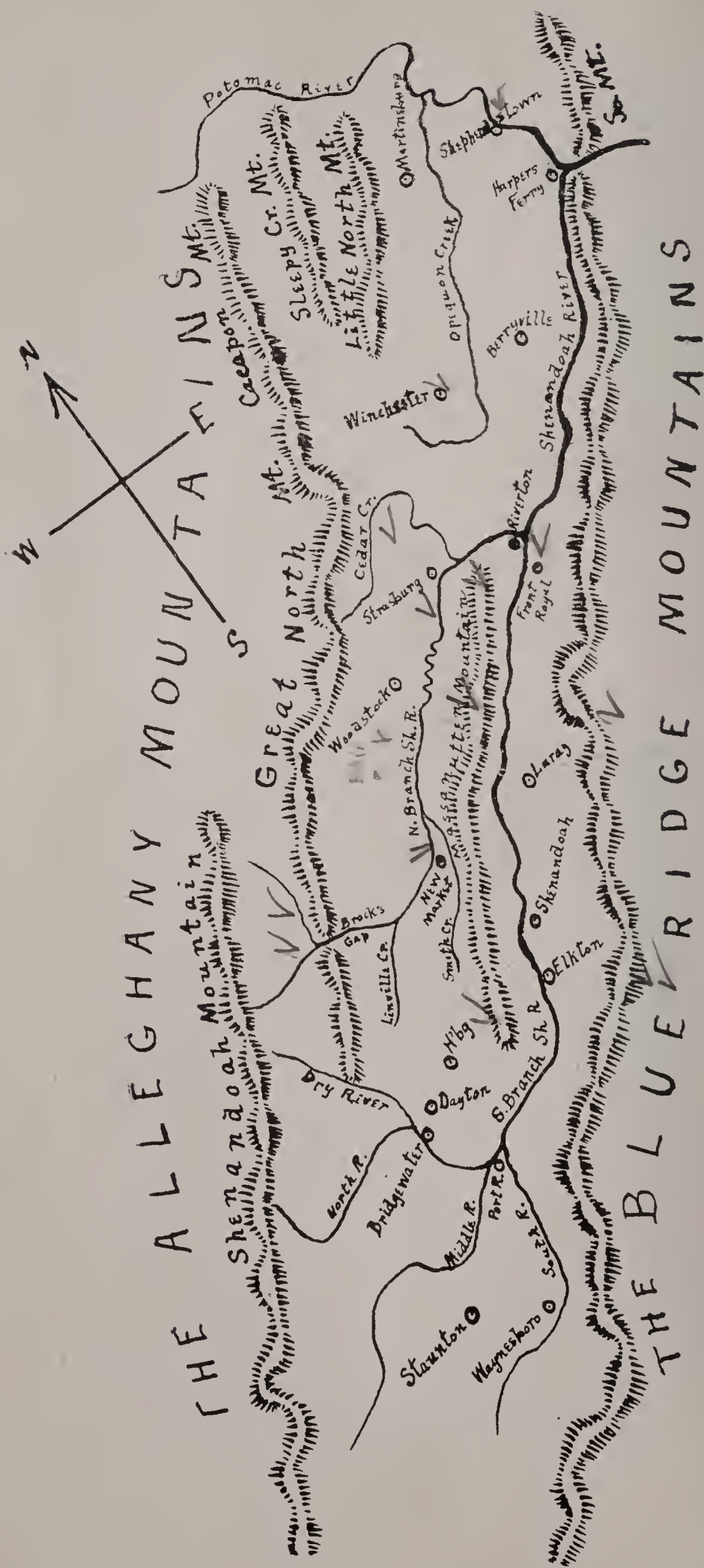
The water gap at Harper's Ferry, as already noted, ranks high as a natural wonder. So do

the abrupt promontories of the Massanutten Mountain, at Strasburg and Harrisonburg, respectively. Powell's Fort, a long narrow valley within the Massanutten range at the northeast end, and the Kettle, a deep crater-like abyss at the southwest end, will surprise and delight the visitor. Narrow Passage, midway between Woodstock and Edinburg, is a bridge of rock that divides two streams. Cedar Cliff Falls, in the Blue Ridge near Elkton, may be seen in a graceful curve, from long distances out in the Valley, at certain seasons of the year. Brock's Gap and Buffalo Gap, already mentioned, and Tide Spring, near Brock's Gap, are well worth a leisure hour.



Cedar Cliff Falls

But with the possible exception of the renowned Natural Bridge, beyond Lexington, the greatest wonders of the Shenandoah Valley are the marvelous limestone caverns that honeycomb the hills for miles of tortuous ways. These labyrinths of a subterranean fairyland must be seen to be appreciated. They are a perennial delight to thousands of visitors all the year round. Those who have seen them a dozen times are all the more eager to see them again. Weyer's Cave and the Cave of the Fountains (at Grottoes), Massanetta Cave (near Keezeltown), Luray Cave, the Endless Caverns (near New Market), the Caverns of the Shenandoah (near Mt. Jackson), and Crystal Caverns (near Strasburg), are among the wonders of the world. They will be referred to again in their proper connections in subsequent pages of this guide.



The Shenandoah Valley Mountains and Rivers. Scale: 1 in.—22 miles.

PART TWO

“DAUGHTER OF THE STARS”

“Shenandoah! Crystal water!
All majestic rolling by;
Lovely river, queenly daughter—
Daughter of the stars on high!”

“Shenandoah” is one of the very few Indian names that have been preserved in Northern Virginia. It means, according to tradition, “Daughter of the Stars,” or “Daughter of the Sky”; and it was first applied, we may believe, to the river whose sparkling waters reflect at once the light of twinkling stars and the blue of heaven’s canopy; but for many years past the Valley as well as the river has borne the beautiful name, “Shenandoah.”

Bounded on the east by the undulating Blue Ridge and on the west by the towering Alleghanies, the Shenandoah Valley stretches southwestward from the Potomac for more than a hundred miles, in a width that varies from twenty to thirty miles. Between Staunton and Lexington the waters divide, some flushing the head springs of the Shenandoah, others hastening in the opposite direction to swell the currents of the James. A dozen great counties, served by a score of cities and busy towns, centers of trade and hospitable hosts to visitors, comprise the spacious areas of the Valley and contribute a liberal measure of prosperity to the State and Nation.

If one could view the Shenandoah Valley from one of the stars above it, the general outline might remind the observer of the Circus Maximus in ancient Rome. On either side the

mountains rise in tiers, while almost in the center, for fifty miles, the Massanutten divides the tracks of quest and contest like a gigantic spina.

Gateways into the Valley

When Nature carved this valley from the surrounding hills and kissed its face into smiling beauty, she hid it away behind the mountain walls, as if fearing for it the gaze of an eager world; but she at the same time left curtained pathways into the sylvan bowers which the eyes of love might find; and so in time came heroes bold—red men from the wilderness, white men from over the seas and from over the mountains; and the beauty that long had slept peaceful and undreaming awoke—not to fear, but to joy and fuller life. The pathways were smoothed and broadened, and the leafy twig-laced curtains were drawn aside.

As the waters flow, the Shenandoah Valley opens toward the northeast, rolling down in limestone plains to the Potomac. Here, then, are the gateways that are widest open. From Frederick, Maryland, a short route enters by way of Harper's Ferry; a longer one crosses historic South Mountain to Hagerstown and comes in to Martinsburg by way of Williamsport and Falling Waters. Before reaching Hagerstown one may turn southward at Boonesboro, cross Antietam battlefields, and enter the Valley at Shepherdstown. By many, this middle route is preferred. At Shepherdstown one crosses the Potomac at Horseshoe Bend, where Rumsey in 1787 gave proof of his steamboat; and on the high bluff above the river towers a splendid monument to the inventor.

At several places along the Blue Ridge are gaps through which roads enter the Valley from the east side. The most familiar ones are the following:

(1) From Washington, Leesburg, and Bluemont, coming in to Berryville and Winchester;

(2) From Warrenton and Amissville, coming in to Front Royal and Strasburg;

(3) From Culpeper and Sperryville, coming in to Front Royal and Luray;

(4) From Gordonsville and Stanardsville, through Swift Run Gap to Elkton and Harrisonburg;

(5) From Charlottesville and Crozet, by Rockfish Gap, to Waynesboro and Staunton.

On the western side of the Valley the ways of approach are more difficult; but from Berkeley Springs and Capon Springs roads lead in to Winchester and Strasburg; from Moorefield and Franklin one may cross to Woodstock, Broadway, and Harrisonburg; from Monterey and McDowell good roads lead in to Staunton; and from Hot Springs and Warm Springs one may come easily down through Panther Gap, past Goshen, Craigsville, Augusta Springs, and through Buffalo Gap to Staunton.

From Roanoke, Lynchburg, the Natural Bridge, and Lexington the tourist may come down into the Valley by easy routes, through beautiful scenery.

The main trail through the Valley is the historic Valley Turnpike, lying on the west side of the Massanutten Mountain; but good roads are being rapidly built in all directions. Nearly every place of interest to the tourist and the student is easily accessible by automobile or railway. Hotels in the larger towns and wayside inns at convenient intervals on all the main thoroughfares make travel easy and free from care.

PART THREE

Harper's Ferry

This historic old town lies on the point of land between the Shenandoah and the Potomac, where they unite and burst through the mountains. In its situation and quaint character it might easily be mistaken for one of the picturesque villages of the Old World. It climbs up the steep slopes of Bolivar Heights, West Virginia, and looks across the Shenandoah upon the wooded Loudoun Heights in Virginia and across the Potomac upon the answering heights in Maryland.

At Harper's Ferry the United States government had a rifle factory and an arsenal for many years prior to the Civil War; and it was probably because of this that John Brown chose Harper's Ferry as a strategic point for launching his war for freedom of the slaves. It was in October, 1859, that the famous raid took place. The site of the old engine house in which he made his last stand is conspicuously marked. Near by are tablets that give information concerning the important military actions that occurred at Harper's Ferry in the Civil War.

Among the places of interest that the stranger should visit at Harper's Ferry are the old Catholic Church on the hill and Jefferson's Rock.

Charles Town

Charles Town, the county seat of Jefferson County, is only six miles southwest of Harper's Ferry, by a good road. It was at Charles Town that John Brown, with several of his confederates, was imprisoned, tried and executed. The old court house remains much as it was in 1859.

Charles Town dispenses hospitality in the midst of a beautiful farming region, and on every hand, within easy reach, are old homes of eminent men and women. General Charles Lee, General William Darke, and General Horatio Gates were only a few of those well known to fame who lived long in the vicinity. Only a short distance outside of Charles Town is Harewood, where the "Father of the Constitution" married the woman who is now so well known and loved as "Dolly Madison." St. Hilda's Hall, an excellent school for young women, is at Charles Town.

From Charles Town good roads lead on to Berryville and Winchester.

Shepherdstown

Shepherdstown, near the old Packhorse Ford where so many early settlers, following the trail of the Indians, crossed the Potomac into the Valley, is one of the oldest towns in northern Virginia. Mrs. Danske Dandridge, long a resident of the place, and an author of distinction in both poetry and prose, found records which show that white people had a settlement here as early as 1720—perhaps earlier. The first name of the town was Mecklenburg, so called by the German pioneers who composed the majority of the founders.

In 1790 the patriotic citizens of Shepherdstown and vicinity subscribed \$25,000 and offered it together with 475 acres of land overlooking the Potomac to the Federal Government as inducements to locate the National Capital at Mecklenburg.

The towering monument on the river bank at Horseshoe Bend commemorates the achievements of "Crazy Rumsey," who ran his steamboat there against the current on a set day in December, 1787, in the presence of a great

crowd of witnesses, among them Major Henry Bedinger, Colonel Joseph Swearingen, General



Rumsey Monument, Shepherdstown.

William Darke, Colonel Philip Pendleton, and General Horatio Gates. "Rumsey's Walk" is only a short distance up the river bank from the monument.

Shepherd College, at Shepherdstown, is an educational institution of high rank and enviable record. Dr. Thomas C. Miller and Hon. H. L. Snyder are two well known residents of Shepherdstown who have done much to make its history accessible to the public.

Martinsburg

Martinsburg, the county seat of Berkeley County, West Virginia, and a railroad center of importance, is directly on the automobile route between Hagerstown and Winchester, 18 miles from the former, 22 miles from the latter. Just when the first settlement was made at this place

has not been ascertained, but the town here was established by law in October, 1778, and named after Colonel T. B. Martin, one of the large landowners of the vicinity. Adam Stephen at that time had laid off 130 acres into streets and lots and the court house of Berkeley county was already erected.

It is claimed by some that the first church built west of the Blue Ridge was the one on Tuscarora Creek, about two miles from Martinsburg.

The following anecdote is related, in Aler's History of Martinsburg, of three Revolutionary generals, well known to fame, who used to live in the lower Valley, between Martinsburg and Charles Town.

"The three were in the habit of frequently meeting (at the home of Lee) to crack jokes, drink wine, and compare notes of their army experience. Upon one occasion, after a lengthy sitting and free indulgence in the spirits, which were ardent, General Lee obtained the floor and remarked: 'The County of Berkley is indeed to be congratulated. She can claim as citizens three noted Major Generals of the revolutionary war. You, Stephen, distinguished yourself by getting drunk when you should have remained sober, and were cashiered for advancing when you should have been retreating, while your humble servant covered himself with glory and laurels and was cashiered for retreating when he should have been advancing.' "

On the road between Martinsburg and Winchester is the village of Bunker Hill, on a branch of the Opequon Creek. There, in 1726, a Welshman, Morgan Morgan, settled. By many he is regarded as the pioneer of all this region. At any rate, in 1923 the legislature of West Virginia provided \$5,000 for erecting a monument at Bunker Hill in his honor.

PART FOUR

Berryville

Berryville was anciently known as "Battle-town," for the reason, it is said, that Daniel Morgan, when a young man, had so many fights there with the young men of the village. Unwittingly, they were putting him in training to be the "Thunderbolt of the Revolution."

Berryville is on the highway between Washington, Alexandria, and Leesburg, on the east, and Winchester on the west, which highway crosses the Blue Ridge at Bluemont and Mt. Weather. The town lies in a beautiful farm region, 11 miles from Winchester and an equal distance from Bluemont. It is the county seat of Clarke County, which commemorates in its name General George Rogers Clark, "The Hannibal of the West." Charles Town, the county



"The Briars," Home of John Esten Cooke, near
Berryville and Winchester

seat of Jefferson County, West Virginia, is 13 miles northeast.

Among the historic homes in the neighborhood of Berryville are the following: Audley Court; Soldier's Rest and Saratoga, two residences in days past of General Daniel Morgan; and The Briars, long the home of John Esten Cooke, the well known novelist and poet. Ten miles southwest of Berryville are White Post and Greenway Court, long the frontier home of Thomas Lord Fairfax, and the headquarters of Washington while he was surveyor for Fairfax.

Millwood is seven miles southwest of Berryville. About midway is Old Chapel, built in 1783, said to be the oldest Episcopal church west of the Blue Ridge.

All Roads Lead to Winchester

For nearly two hundred years Winchester (old Frederick Town) has been a center of life, war, trade, and travel for the white people of Northern Virginia. In earlier days it was a favorite hunting ground and battle ground of the Indians. When the first white settlers and explorers came into the lower Valley they found Indian wigwams around Shawnee Spring; and the tradition still lingers that "he who drinks the waters of Shawnee Spring will come back again." Certainly the stranger who visits Winchester and imbibes the spirit of the old town will wish to return. The busy city of 7,000 has not lost the arts of liberal hospitality and gentle entertainment.

In 1732, or soon thereafter, white men began to build their cabins near Shawnee Spring, which may still be found, clear and flowing, on the southern border of the city, just east of the B. & O. railway track. In 1752 Winchester was established a town by law, the name being borrowed from Winchester in England, because of a more than fancied resemblance in natural surroundings. In 1755 a considerable part of

General Braddock's ill-fated army was assembled at Winchester, on its laborious march against Fort Duquesne; and one of the principal streets of the town still bears the name of Braddock.

It may be observed in this connection that the street names of Winchester are a history in themselves: Braddock, Amherst, Cameron, Cork, Piccadilly, Boscawen, Wolfe, Loudoun, Washington, etc.

In the years immediately following the defeat of Braddock, Washington had his headquarters at Winchester, being charged with the arduous task of defending the frontier settlements against the Indians. It was at this time that he constructed, on an elaborate plan, Fort Loudoun, named in honor of the Earl of Loudoun, who was then in command of the English forces in the colonies. The deep well of the fort, blasted down through the solid rock, and other relics of the stronghold still remain, and the site is now occupied by Fort Loudoun Seminary. At the foot of the hill is the home of the Sarah Zane Fire Company.

Washington's headquarters, occupied while Fort Loudoun was in process of construction, may readily be found at the corner of Cork and Braddock Street. The old building is well preserved and is now used as a museum. The adjacent lawn is marked with cannon of the olden days.

Old Taylor Hotel

On Main Street of Winchester, between Water and Piccadilly, is the old Taylor Hotel, the lower story of which is now used for store rooms. In this spacious hotel were entertained in the days of yore many famous guests, among them Henry Clay in 1847, Daniel Webster in 1851, and President McKinley in 1900.



Old Taylor Hotel, Winchester

During the Civil War, McKinley, an officer in the Union army, was made a Mason in Winchester. The old house in which the initiation took place may be found on the east side of Main Street, not far from the old Taylor Hotel. While President, McKinley and his wife visited Winchester, showing particular interest in the Masonic temple.

Cemeteries

On Amherst Street, near Washington, and not far from the Taylor Hotel, is the house in which General Daniel Morgan died, July 6, 1802. His grave may be found in the beautiful Mt. Hebron Cemetery, at the eastern side of the town. Nearby is the ivy-covered wall of an old Lutheran Church and the grave of Rev. Christian Streit, the first minister of the Evangelical Lutheran Church born in America.



Grave of Gen. Daniel Morgan, Winchester

Adjacent to Mt. Hebron Cemetery is Stonewall Confederate Cemetery. In this may be found the massive stone marking the graves of "The Brothers Ashby." Not far away is the towering marble shaft beneath which lie the bodies of 829 soldiers "whose names are known to none, but whose deeds are known to all."

Not far away is the Federal Military Cemetery, in which more than 4,000 boys who wore the Blue, known and unknown, lie sleeping. They fell at Kernstown, at Harper's Ferry, Martinsburg, Cedar Creek, Winchester, and in Banks's retreat before Jackson in the spring of 1862.

Star Fort

On all the hills around Winchester may be traced the outlines of forts and trenches. During the Civil War it is said that the town changed hands, from Gray to Blue and back again, 72 times: four times on one notable day.

One of the forts best preserved is Star Fort,

which is located on a commanding hill about a mile north of the city. It may be reached easily by driving out the North Frederick Turnpike.



Star Fort, Near Winchester. A Relic of the Civil War.

The high earthen banks of the fort are almost intact, and the eminence commands a magnificent view in all directions. From it may be seen Round Hill, Apple Pie Ridge, and other landmarks west; the broad, fertile plains stretching towards the Potomac on the north and the Blue Ridge on the east; and the city of Winchester, nestling among the farm fields and apple orchards, close at hand southward.

On June 13, 1863, General Milroy was dislodged from Star Fort by General Ewell, who was leading Lee's advance corps in the second invasion of the North. In this campaign, which culminated at Gettysburg on July 1, 2, 3, 1863, most of Lee's army passed northward through Winchester, having crossed the Shenandoah

River at Front Royal and Riverton, in a direct route from Culpeper and Rappahannock.

From Star Fort one may also get a panoramic view of the battlefield of Opequon, where Sheridan overpowered Early in the great conflict of September 19, 1864. This field is widely extended toward the east, stretching along the Opequon Creek and the northwestern edge of Clarke County.

Quaker Meeting Houses

In the city of Winchester is a well kept meeting house of the Friends, or Quakers. About five miles northeast of the city, near the village of Clearbrook, is the old Hopewell Meeting House, a picturesque stone building, well preserved. Hopewell monthly meeting was established in 1744, under authority of the Chester, Pa., quarterly meeting.



Hopewell Quaker Meeting House, Near
Winchester

Among the early Quaker settlers in and around Winchester were Alexander Ross, Josiah Ballenger, James Wright, Evan Thomas, the Bransons, the Luptons, and the Barretts.

Other places in Winchester that the visitor should see are Glen Burnie, the Cannon-Ball House, Stonewall Jackson's headquarters, and Sheridan's headquarters. The last is just across Piccadilly Street from the Handley Library. This is the house from which Sheridan started on his famous ride towards Cedar Creek on the morning of October 19, 1864.

The Handley Schools, endowed by Judge John Handley, are attracting wide attention. The splendid new high school building, at the west side of the city, should be inspected by every visitor. Shenandoah Valley Academy, a high class school for boys, is located in Winchester.

If the stranger who visits Winchester and vicinity is fortunate enough to secure the services of Professor Frank Crawford, whose residence is on Washington Street at Amherst, as a guide, his stay will be rendered all the more interesting and profitable.

PART FIVE

From Winchester as a Center

From Winchester good roads lead out in all directions, and the tourist will find the city a convenient center from which to visit many of the places of interest in the adjacent communities.

Hackwood Park Farm lies about two and a half miles north of the city, on the Red Bud road. General John Smith located there in 1772. Traditions of Washington cluster about the place. One of the buildings was used as a hospital by Union troops during the battle of Opequon, September 19, 1864; and a monument marks the spot on the farm where a number of Vermont soldiers were killed.

Berryville and Environs

Berryville, the county seat of Clark County, is 11 miles east of Winchester, and is rich in the deeds of fruitful years. Near Berryville is Soldier's Rest, the home that Daniel Morgan built for himself and his young wife, Abigail Bailey, about the year 1760.

Millwood is 10 miles southeast of Winchester. It is located on land formerly owned by Colonel Nathaniel Burwell of Carter Hall, who built several mills in the neighborhood. The upper mill in Millwood was constructed for Colonel Burwell by General Daniel Morgan with the skilled workmen among the Hessian prisoners taken with Burgoyne. About a mile and a half from the village is a spacious mansion which these same prisoners built for Morgan himself, and which by him was named "Saratoga" in memory of the great victory in

1777, to which he and his Valley riflemen had so materially contributed.

Old Chapel, a stone edifice dating from 1783, stands about midway between Millwood and Berryville, and is a mecca of many pilgrimages. It took the place of Cunningham's Chapel, a structure of logs, that must have been erected prior to 1751. On a horizontal slab of granite, the oldest marker in the graveyard at Old Chapel, is the following inscription:

"Here lies the body of Winnifred, the wife of Major Marquis Calmes. They were joined in wedlock 26 years and had six children. She was a loving, virtuous and industrious wife, a tender mother and kind mistress. She departed this life Oct. 6th, Anno Domini 1751."

Marquis Calmes was a Huguenot nobleman, prominent in the affairs of old Frederick County. He was a vestryman of Cunningham Chapel.

At Old Chapel is the grave of John Esten Cooke, the popular romancer of Civil War days; and inside the building is a tablet to the memory of Bishop William Meade, distinguished churchman and author, who was for many years assistant rector and rector of the chapel.

White Post and Greenway Court

White Post is 11 miles southwest of Winchester, and Greenway Court is one mile farther.

About the time that young George Washington was engaged as an explorer and a land surveyor by Lord Fairfax, the latter established himself in the wilderness of his wide domain at the place which has ever since been famous as Greenway Court. There the eccentric nobleman spent the greater part of thirty-two years, and there he died soon after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown; but his grave is in Winchester.



Washington's Office, Greenway Court

A mile northeast of Greenway Court two long roads crossed. One ran from Battletown (Berryville) to Front Royal. It passed (and it still passes) Greenway Court. The other came up from old Alexandria, fell into the long Valley trail some eight miles above Winchester, at Newtown (now Stephens City), and passed thence on up the Valley, crossed the head waters of the James, and so on to Tennessee.

Where the two roads crossed in the forest, a mile from his home, Lord Fairfax set up a post to guide strangers to his dwelling. He probably had it white-washed. At any rate, it became "White Post," and it is White Post still. A great white post, surmounted by a lantern, still stands in the crossing of the roads. The village of White Post is loyal to its charge. It cannot prove recreant to the genesis of its name.



White Post

Fact and fiction have given Greenway Court a shining place in our literature. For generations it has been a name to conjure with. The wide mansion of the flat roof, familiar in old pictures, has disappeared, but two or three of the old structures are still intact; and among them is the old stone "Office," in which tradition says the young surveyor Washington (and doubtless his Lordship too) did business with those who, in those early days, were desirous of becoming landlords in the Northern Neck.

Tradition also has it, and perhaps history too, that General Braddock and his army, on their way up country from Alexandria, were entertained for a season at Greenway Court.

At White Post is the interesting Meade Memorial Chapel, in which are preserved the devotion and good deeds of Bishop William Meade and other members of the family.

PART SIX

The Historic Valley Pike

“Ninety miles and more it stretches
Up the Valley, towards the south ;
Firm it is to wheel and hoof-beat,
Firm it holds in flood and drouth ;
And it links the towns and cities,
Jewels on a silver chain,
Shining in their emerald settings,
In the broad and fertile plain.”

The historic Valley Pike, 93 miles long, leads from Winchester to Staunton, and is the main thoroughfare today for automobiles as it was in antebellum days for stage coaches and during the Civil War for the armies of Blue and Gray. It is part of the New York-Atlanta Highway, and from New Market southward it is incorporated in the Lee Highway, now under construction, from Washington into the Southwest.

It passes through the towns of Stephens City, Middletown, Strasburg, Tom's Brook, Maurertown, Woodstock, Edinburg, Mt. Jackson, New Market, Lacey Spring, Harrisonburg, Mt. Crawford, Burketown, Mt. Sidney, and Verona, and across the battlefields of Newtown, Middletown, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, Tom's Brook, Rude's Hill, and New Market; and it passes near the fatal fields of Kernstown, Lacey Spring, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Mt. Meridian, and Piedmont. Indeed, the whole historic way was fought over repeatedly, by larger or smaller companies, in the days of '61 to '65. If earth and stones could speak, every mile would tell its story. At frequent intervals between Winchester and New Market may be seen monuments in bronze and granite beside the way.

The first ten or a dozen miles of the Pike, south of Winchester, were immortalized in October, 1864, by Phil Sheridan and his black horse, and later by Tom Read in his stirring poem commemorating the famous ride. The forty-odd miles between Staunton and New Market, in May of the same year, resounded to the rhythmic tramp of the V. M. I. cadets on their way to death and glory.

“Swiftly flows the little river,
Beauteous ‘Daughter of the Stars,’
Past the fields once stained and crimson—
Here the ‘Stripes’ and there the ‘Bars’—
Singing e’er the matchless story,
Singing e’er from days of yore,
Of the lads and of their glory—
Month of May, and Sixty-four.”

The experienced driver will note with appreciation the fine grading of the Valley Pike. For all its great length through a hilly country there are very few steep grades; and for miles at a time the course runs straight as an arrow, and almost level, along the ridges or through the vales. At many places it can be seen for a mile or two ahead.

Some one has said that the buffaloes were the first great road engineers of America. The buffaloes doubtless tracked out long stretches of the Valley Pike, and the Indians used the same long trails. The earliest explorers and settlers of the white people widened these trails until wagons could run in them. In pioneer times this long trail up the Shenandoah Valley was part of the road to Cumberland Gap and Kentucky, from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New York, as well as to North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia. The Lincolns, the Boones, and John Sevier were only a few of the many thousands who went this way in the long ago. In later days when stage coaches ran regularly on it, through the long, dark nights as well as through the toilsome

days, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Madame Jerome Bonaparte, and Claude Crozet were among the distinguished personages who rode in the rocking chariots and stopped at the simple inns along the route.

Paying Toll

Between 1835 and 1840 the road between Winchester and Staunton was made a turnpike at a cost of nearly half a million dollars, three-fifths of the amount being subscribed in stock by the farmers of the Valley, the other two-fifths being furnished by the state. For three-quarters of a century tolls were collected from all users of the road—so many cents for a wagon, so much for a buggy, two or three cents for a horse and rider—at each of the nineteen gates between Winchester and Staunton. To be more exact, there were only eighteen and a half of the toll gates. The distance between two gates was fixed at five miles; and as the miles gave out after the eighteenth full gate, the last one just outside of Staunton was only half a gate—that is, it collected only half tolls.

The only way one could travel on the old Turnpike scot free was to walk or to wait until midnight, when the toll keepers went to bed. For the rest of the night the gates were left open. We should say “up.” The gates were long poles balanced across the road like the old-fashioned well sweeps, and could be pulled down quickly and easily by the keeper whose box jutted hard on the roadside. There, winter and summer, day in and day out, he (more often “she”) would sit “at the receipt of custom.” Some of the toll-takers had contrivances like little skillets, with long handles, which they would poke out of the window of the toll house, or into the car of the tourist, for the jingle of the shekel.

But at midnight of August 31, 1918, something happened. Lights went out in the toll

houses and the keepers went to bed without setting their alarm clocks. "No tolls tomorrow!"

Toll Gates Removed

That brief exclamation told the story. The state had taken over the road and taken off the gates! For many it was a glad day, for a few it was a sad one. Since that day tourists have not had to honk their horns and slow down every five miles to toss out the change. Now, barring the towns, most of which enforce strictly the ordinances against high speed, the wayfarer may roar along for miles at a time, only looking at the scenery and worrying about a blow-out that he thinks he may have. The natives are generally courteous to visitors. Most of them are disposed to give a gentleman half the road and a hog a little more.

At frequent intervals are garages for mending blow-outs and tanks for supplying gasoline; and one does not have to wait long between the signs which say, "Meals and Lodging Here for Tourists."



Picturesque Cedar Creek

For 14 miles out of Winchester, southwestward, to the bridge across the picturesque Cedar Creek, one rides through the great old county of Frederick. Then, from Cedar Creek on to New Market, and a mile beyond, the way leads through the green fields of Shenandoah, 36 miles. Next, the route crosses the great county of Rockingham, 30 miles wide, as the Pike goes. The southwest border is between Mt. Crawford and Burketown, just opposite the wooded cone on the west, Grattan's Hill. Then for the 13 remaining miles to Staunton, one rides through the prosperous farms of Augusta, which, with its 1006 square miles, is the second largest county of Virginia.

Wayside Waters

The tourist who loves sparkling waters will find many scenes to delight his eye along the way from Winchester to Staunton.

Six miles out from Winchester is the historic Opequon Creek. The road crosses it at Springdale. Fourteen miles out of the city the pike turns sharply down the hill to the right and leaps, by means of an iron bridge, across Cedar Creek. A more beautiful stream could hardly be found. Between Strasburg and Fisher's Hill the Pike swings in a long curve at the foot of a limestone bluff and almost dips into the sparkling waters of the Shenandoah River (North Branch). At Tom's Brook and Pugh's Run the way sweeps over clear little streams that ripple in gravelly beds.

At Narrow Passage, three miles southwest of Woodstock, the Shenandoah River is seen down a high bank to the east, while Narrow Passage Creek comes rushing down a deep gorge from the west, as if determined to break through the rock wall that has held it back from the river so long. For a natural curiosity of wondrous beauty, Narrow Passage can hardly be matched.

At Edinburg the way crosses the blue waters of Stony Creek, and at Red Banks, a few miles farther on, one comes out again beside the beautiful Shenandoah. At Mt. Jackson the Pike slopes down a hill and bridges Mill Creek, and in another mile it crosses the Shenandoah at the side of a steep bluff that overlooks Meems' Bottoms.

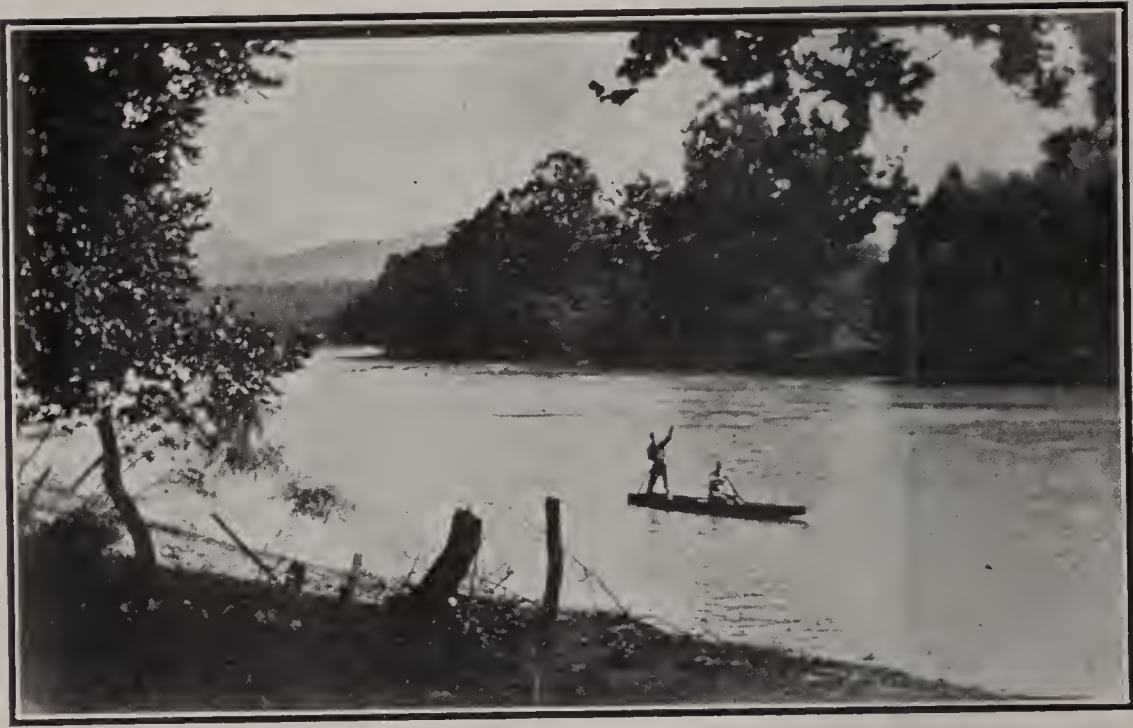
Mounting Rude's Hill, one may look far down to the right and see the Shenandoah, winding among the willows—the last glimpse of the North Branch, from the Pike, as one goes south. The stream that circles Meems' Bottoms and Rude's Hill on the east side is Smith's Creek.

At Lacey Spring, ten miles above New Market, one may look down from the Pike almost into the great spring that leaps out of the bluff in volume strong enough to run a flour mill. Thousands of soldiers, Blue and Gray, long remembered Lacey Spring with a grateful thought of cold, clear water. This is one of the sources of Smith's Creek.

At Mt. Crawford is another "Narrow Passage," with Cook's Creek on the east side and the river on the west side of the road. The creek is crossed by the Pike a mile northeast of the town, the river a mile beyond the town on the southwest. This river is another part of the Shenandoah—the north fork of the South Branch. It is joined by the other forks (Middle River and South River) near Port Republic, and the combined waters go down east of the Massanutten range to a union with the North Branch at Riverton, near Front Royal.

At Burketown the Pike bridges a small stream called Naked Creek. It is a feeder to North River (the north fork of the South Branch of the Shenandoah), seen at Mt. Crawford and crossed by the Pike a mile south of the town.

At the foot of the hill upon which the village of Verona stands are Augusta Mills (Bolen's Mill), on Middle River. The view upstream



Scene on Shenandoah River

from the iron bridge is attractive in its quiet rural setting. Middle River is also a fork of the South Shenandoah. South River, the third fork of the South Branch of the Shenandoah, flows down the side of the Valley next to the Blue Ridge, past Waynesboro, Basic, and Grottoes.

To sum up, the North Branch of the Shenandoah River flows into the west side of the Valley, out of Brock's Gap, past Broadway and Timberville, then through the entire length of Shenandoah County, west of the Massanutten Mountain, turning eastward around the end of the mountain at Strasburg. The South Branch of the Shenandoah River drains the upper Valley, uniting North River, Middle River, and South River near Port Republic, and flowing down through Rockingham and Page County, east of the Massanutten Mountain, receiving the North Branch at Riverton in Warren County. The united waters then flow on through Warren and Clarke County, Virginia, and Jefferson

County, West Virginia, to the Potomac, at Harper's Ferry.

It is the North Branch of the Shenandoah that the tourist along the Valley Pike sees at Strasburg, Narrow Passage, Red Banks, Mt. Jackson, and Rude's Hill; it is a fork of the South Branch that he sees at Mt. Crawford (North River) and at Verona (Middle River).



Mountain Falls

PART SEVEN

“This wondrous valley! hath it spells
And golden alchemies?”

South of Winchester

Just outside of Winchester, following the Valley Pike southward, is the Hollingsworth Mill, a noted landmark built by Isaac Hollingsworth in 1834. The little stream that runs the mill is Abram's Creek, named for Abraham Hollingsworth, one of the first settlers in this part of the Valley. Abram's Creek flows out to the Opequon, in the direction of Berryville, through parts of the battleground of September 19, 1864, where Sheridan's fifty thousand drove in Early's twenty-five thousand, through Winchester and up the Valley. This conflict is known in history as the battle of Opequon; sometimes as the battle of Winchester.

A short distance east of the Hollingsworth Mill, near Shawnee Spring, is the large Hollingsworth Spring, often called the Rouss Spring. Near it Abram Hollingsworth settled in or about the year 1732, and not far away his father, paying him a visit, was killed by a buffalo, it is said, while hunting. The old Hollingsworth house, hard by the spring, dates from the year 1754, and was, according to tradition, more than once attacked by Indians.

Charlotte and Little Phil

About a mile and a half outside of the city, where the Cedar Creek road leads off westward from the Pike, stands the old Hillman house. Here was the oldest toll gate on the Pike, and from the year 1840, when the gate was first

placed there, till only a few years ago, the gate keepers were members of the same family, the Hillmans. And here is a story of "nerve." Here it was, so the story runs, that Charlotte Hillman, a young, beautiful girl, pulled down the gate in the face of Sheridan's army and demanded toll! Sheridan and his staff, being at the head of the column, were the first to face the fire—in the young woman's eye. Sheridan surrendered and paid toll. His staff, following his example, did likewise. "But," said Sheridan, as he passed through the gate, "I cannot vouch for my army."

Miss Hillman was equal to the emergency. She had sense as well as courage. When the boys in Blue came up she raised the pole, but stood at her post all day long, cutting a notch in the pole for every ten soldiers that passed. And after the war was over, thus runs the conclusion, she counted the notches in the pole, sent her bill to Washington, and was paid.

Four miles out the Valley Pike from Winchester is the village of Kernstown. Here is an old Presbyterian church, by some believed to be the oldest church in the Valley.

Kernstown Battlefield

lies on the ridge west of the village about a mile and a half. There, on March 23, 1862, Stonewall Jackson was driven back by Shields in a hard-fought contest; and there, on July 24, 1864, Crook was driven back towards the Potomac, with a loss of 1200 men, by Jubal Early,

The firing of the first battle began, it is said, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the March day, with the lines almost within a stone's throw of each other. Both sides were trying to reach the cover of a long stone fence that stood between them. The 24th Virginia, running rapidly, reached the fence and, crouching behind it, poured a deadly volley into the Federals who were then only ten or fifteen yards away. But

the latter, being supported by overwhelming numbers, soon rushed over the fence and drove this regiment, which constituted one wing of Jackson's army, into the woods, capturing some prisoners and a cannon or two.

The battle raged till nightfall, when Jackson fell back to Cedar Creek. It is said that Shields, at the same moment, was thinking of ordering a retreat. In this battle Jackson's loss, killed, wounded, captured, and missing was 718; Shields' loss, corresponding, was 590.

The Old Hite Homestead

Two miles southwest of Kernstown, following the Valley Pike, one reaches and crosses Opequon Creek, which here flows eastward. Soon turning northeast it divides the counties of Frederick and Clarke and thence continues, in the same course, to the Potomac River through the eastern panhandle of West Virginia.

Near the Opequon, where the Valley Pike crosses it, is a fine old stone house that is of



John Hite House, near Jost Hite House,
Springdale on Opequon

special interest to students of the early history of Northern Virginia. It is the old Hite homestead, Springdale. This house, as may be ascertained from the date cut high up in the south gable, was built in 1753. The builder was Colonel John Hite, son of Jost Hite. The latter was the leading pioneer of the lower Valley, it would seem, and he came into the region and settled here in 1732, the very year in which George Washington was born.

Witness Washington

In the spring of 1748 young Washington, then just sixteen years old and beginning his land surveys for Lord Fairfax, made several references in his journal to visits at Jost Hite's. For example, on March 14, 1748, he wrote:

"We sent our baggage to Captain Hite's, near Fredericktown (Winchester), and went ourselves down the river about sixteen miles."

On April 11, following, this entry appears:

"We traveled from Cuddy's down to Fredericktown where we reached about 12 o'clock. We dined in town and then went to Captain Hite's and lodged."

Witness Schnell

Even five years earlier other sojourners in the Opequon country found Captain Hite's a convenient lodging place. Under date of November 21, 1743, Leonard Schnell, a Moravian missionary from Pennsylvania, wrote in his diary:

"At sunset we came to a German innkeeper, Jost Hayd, a rich man, well known in this region. He was the first settler here. He was very courteous when he heard that I was a minister. I asked him for the way to Carolina. He told me of one, which runs for 150 miles through Irish settlements, the district being known as the Irish tract."

The "Irish Tract" was the section including

Staunton and Lexington, which was settled mainly by the Scotch-Irish.

About 40 yards from the John Hite house, slightly nearer the creek, are the ruins of an older house. This was perhaps the very house in which Jost Hite lodged George Washington and other guests of those early days.

Opposite the old mansion, on the west side of the Pike, and a hundred or two yards farther up the Opequon towards the railway station of Bartonsville, is a huge stone mill. This was built by the Hites in the year 1788. Near by is White Sulphur Inn, for the accommodation of visitors.

New Town (Stephens City)

Two miles southwest of Springdale, eight miles from Winchester, is Stephens City, a progressive village that lies in the midst of a rich farming district and adjacent to extensive lime factories on the railway.

The town was established by law in 1758 and was first known as Stephensburg, later as New Town. Winchester was "Old Town." It was laid out on the lands of Lewis Stephens, a German, whose father, Peter Stephens, was the founder of the town. Peter came to the Valley in 1732 with Jost Hite. New Town was composed almost entirely of Germans, and Pennsylvania "Dutch" was the language in use there for 70 years. Long ago the wagons made at New Town had an extensive reputation.

Middletown

Middletown is a progressive village a dozen miles from Winchester, and about 16 miles from Woodstock. It is not quite in the middle, as its name implies, between the two county seats, but it is, nevertheless, Middletown. It is on the famous Cedar Creek battlefield. It is also the site of an excellent agricultural high school and is

noted for its Wayside Inn. The outline of the Massanutten Mountain, northeast promontories, is very striking as seen from Middletown and vicinity.

Cedar Creek Bridge

Slightly more than 14 miles southwest of Winchester, near Middletown, the Pike, by means of an iron bridge, whirls half way around and crosses historic Cedar Creek. For beauty of scenery this spot can hardly be equalled in a long journey. The tourist should spend a half hour here enjoying the beauties lavishly unfolded. From the center of the bridge the view upstream is equalled only by the view downstream. There are the ruins, vine-clad, of an old stone mill, almost hidden among the trees a hundred yards below the bridge. This picturesque old ruin stands between the turnpike and the stream. It is one of the grim, silent witnesses of war times. The mill was burned, so much of it as would burn, by Sheridan's soldiers in October, 1864.

Opposite the old mill site is a commodious brick house which was erected in 1858 and used during the battle around it as a hospital. The kitchen table then served well for an operating table. One day when Ashby had his cannon planted on the high hill just back of the house a premature shot tore through the upper story of the dwelling. On one occasion a wounded Johnnie, a native of Frederick County, was secretly cared for upstairs while the Billies were in full possession downstairs. In the long level meadows below the house and the mill a cavalry stampede once took place.

Strasburg as a Center

Strasburg, 18 miles from Winchester, 11 miles from Woodstock, 10 miles from Front Royal, is in the center of the world—or as much so as

any other place is. On the North Branch of the Shenandoah River, at the northeast end of the Massanutten Mountain, in the midst of famous battlefields, surrounded by matchless scenery, and at the junction of turnpikes and railroads, its position is strategic and commanding. The old name of Staufferstadt (Stover Town) has almost been forgotten in the bustle of a new and ambitious life, but the Stovers, the Funks, the Spenglers, and other sturdy pioneers who braved the dangers of savage times and conquered the wilderness are not forgotten.

“The knightliest of the knightly race,
That since the days of old
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
Who climbed the blue embattled hills
Against uncounted foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose.”

On the high hill at Strasburg, above the railroad, are the furrowed earth walls of a Federal fort. In the spring of 1862 General N. P. Banks was watching from that stronghold, looking up the Valley west of the Massanutten Mountain, waiting for Stonewall Jackson to come down. Jackson came, but not that way. At Front Royal, far to the east, on the other side of the mountain, almost in Bank's rear, the May day suddenly resounded to the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the gallop of cavalry, and the rebel yell. Pell mell Banks had to hurry down from the hill to get ahead of Jackson in the race towards the Potomac. By several roads, the Valley Pike and others, the Blue lines streamed, the Gray lines cutting across from the east and striking them by day and by night all along the way—at Middletown, at New Town, at Kernstown, at Winchester, and beyond.

The most graphic description of this episode of Valley history perhaps ever written is given in Chapter XXII of "The Long Roll" by Mary Johnston. General Dick Taylor, of Louisiana, who was with Jackson, has also written a very fine account of this part of the Valley Campaign in his book entitled "Destruction and Reconstruction." The following quotation, though rather long, is justified, we believe, by its historical interest and its fine touches of description of natural scenery:

General Dick Taylor Talks

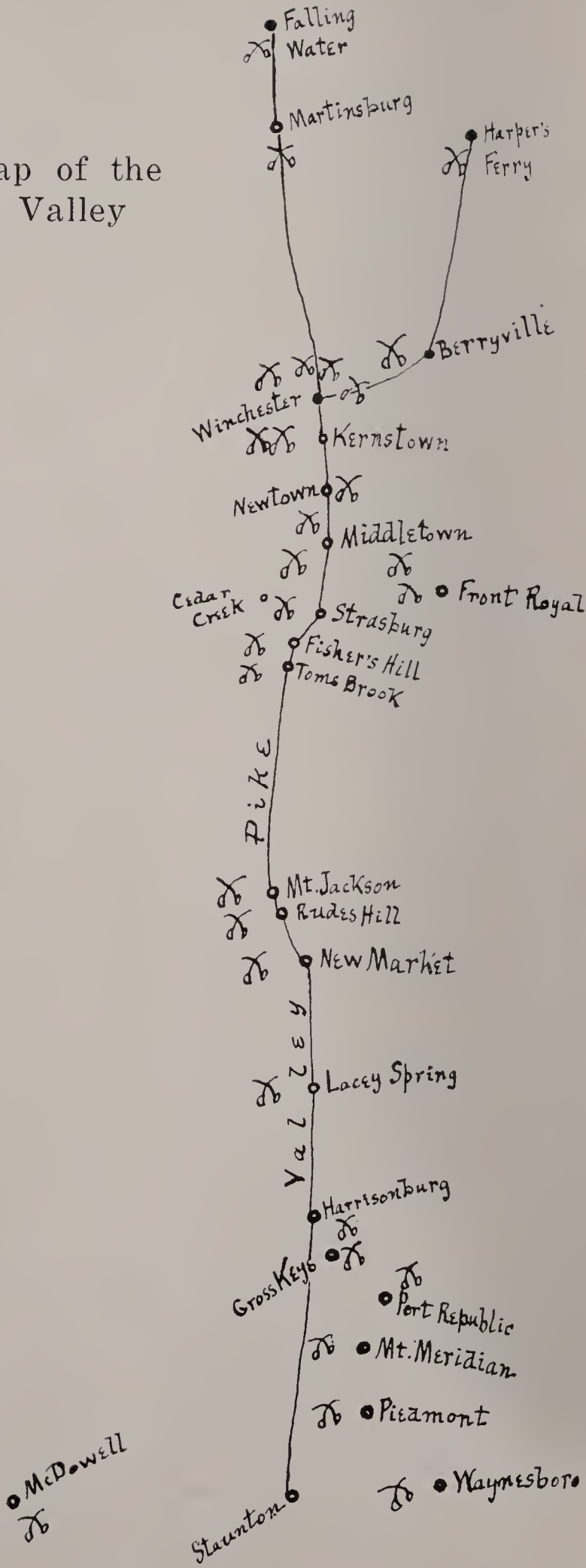
Jackson, a day or two before he surprised Banks' left wing at Front Royal, had cut across the Valley from New Market, through the Massanutten Mountain, to Luray, and had gone down east of the mountain towards Front Royal, while Banks was all the while watchfully waiting at Strasburg, or thereabouts.

Thus Taylor writes:

"The road led north between the east bank of the river and the western base of the Blue Ridge. Rain had fallen and softened it, so as to delay the wagon trains in rear. Past midday we reached a wood extending from the mountain to the river, when a mounted officer from the rear called Jackson's attention, who rode back with him. A moment later, there rushed out of the wood to meet us a young, rather well-looking woman, afterward widely known as Belle Boyd. Breathless with speed and agitation, some time elapsed before she found her voice.

"Then with much volubility, she said we were near Front Royal, beyond the wood; that the town was filled with Federals, whose camp was on the west side of the river, where they had guns in position to cover the wagon bridge, but none bearing on the railway bridge below the former; that they believed Jackson to be west:

Battlefield Map of the
Shenandoah Valley



of Massanutten, near Harrisonburg; that General Banks, the Federal commander, was at Winchester, twenty miles north of Front Royal, where he was slowly concentrating his widely scattered forces to meet Jackson's advance, which was expected some days later.

"All this she told with the precision of a staff officer making a report, and it was true to the letter.

"Jackson was possessed of these facts before he left Newmarket, and based his movements upon them; but, as he never told anything, it was news to me, and gave me an idea of the strategic value of Massanutten—pointed out, indeed, by Washington before the Revolution. There also dawned on me quite another view of our leader than the one from which I had been regarding him for two days past."

In May of '62

In connection with his spirited description of Jackson driving the thousand Federals out of Front Royal and pushing them across the Valley to the Pike at Middletown, and of there striking the main forces of Banks as they were hurrying north from Strasburg, General Taylor (a son of "Old Rough and Ready") gives the following graphic picture of the Valley from Front Royal:

"The situation of the village (Front Royal) is surpassingly beautiful. It lies near the east bank of the Shenandoah, which just below unites all its waters, and looks directly on the northern peaks of Massanutten. The Blue Ridge, with Manassas Gap, through which passes the railway, overhangs it on the east; distant Alleghany bounds the horizon to the west; and down the Shenandoah, the eye ranges over a fertile, well-farmed country. Two bridges spanned the river—a wagon bridge above, a railway bridge some yards lower. A good pike

led to Winchester, twenty miles, and another followed the north river, whence many cross-roads united with the Valley Pike near Winchester."

In June of '63

It was at Front Royal and Riverton that most of General Lee's army crossed the Shenandoah in June, 1863, passing northward via Winchester into Maryland and Pennsylvania, just before Gettysburg.

"Foot Cavalry"

It was in the Valley Campaign of 1862 that Stonewall Jackson's men, by their remarkable rapidity of movement from place to place, won the name of "foot cavalry."

After driving Banks across the Potomac, Jackson had to hurry back up the Valley to avoid being cut off by two Federal armies which were converging upon the Valley at the narrow passes: Fremont from the west, upon Strasburg; Shields from the east, upon Front Royal.

"Forty-two Miles Without Sleeping"

Mr. Thomas D. Gold, in his "History of Clarke County," relates the following incidents of the race back from the Potomac, up the Valley:

"The march to Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry and the investment of that place was rapidly accomplished. Here the 2nd Virginia with Co. I (a Clarke County company) were sent across the Shenandoah to hold the mountain top on the Loudoun side. His rear being threatened from Front Royal and Moorefield, Jackson had to get away faster than he came, if he was to save his plunder and his prisoners, and even his army.

“The army marched for Winchester, leaving the Stonewall Brigade to follow as soon as the 2nd Virginia could be moved from its position across the river. The darkness of the night, and some mistake in orders by which the regiment was marched back to the top of the mountain after having reached the river, and immediately marched back to the river again, so delayed the 2nd regiment that they were left by the Brigade far in the rear. After crossing the river they marched to Charlestown, where many of them lived, and halted for an hour for breakfast. They then pushed on and made the longest continuous march ever recorded, overtaking the Brigade at Newtown after a march of forty-two miles without sleeping.”

“Stonewall Jackson’s Way.”

Jackson’s men by this time were learning to trust him, and they marched to the last mile and fought to the last ditch, though they grumbled and swore at the same time. The spirit of the “foot cavalry” is well portrayed in the following lines:

“He’s in the saddle now, fall in—
Steady, the whole brigade!
Hill’s at the ford, cut off—we’ll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?—
Quickstep! we’re with him ere the dawn—
That’s Stonewall Jackson’s way!”

Sheridan and Early Again

It would be impossible to narrate, in this brief outline, half of the string events that took place in the region around Strasburg, Front Royal, and Winchester in the martial days of '61 to

'65. We can touch only a few of the high points.

After Sheridan had driven Early up the Valley in September, 1864, from the hard-fought field of Opequon (Winchester), he followed; and, on September 22, dislodged him from Fisher's Hill. In this battle, among the thickets and ravines, then upon the plateau southward, Early suffered heavily, losing about 1200 men. Sheridan's loss was about 500. His large numbers continually gave him the advantage.

"The Burning."

Sheridan pursued Early up the Valley. At Mt. Jackson Early made another stand, but was driven back. This sort of thing continued until Sheridan was far up in the Valley, between Harrisonburg and Staunton. Then, as he turned northeast, he put into effect a program of destruction that had beforehand been agreed upon. As he retired down the Valley he spread his troops from mountain to mountain and set fire to the barns and mills and drove off the live stock. Crackling flames and rolling columns of smoke marked the swath of destruction, day after day, until the lower Valley was reached. The burning began on the 6th of October. By the 10th Sheridan was back in the vicinity of Winchester. His army pitched wide-flung camps on the plateau just north of Cedar Creek, around Middletown and Belle Grove.

Early followed the retreating wall of fire and cloud, striking now and then. On October 9 (1864) a sharp fight occurred at Tom's Brook, in which the Confederates lost eleven cannon.

Cedar Creek and Sheridan's Ride

Early, from his camp on Fisher's Hill, looked across the six or seven miles to Sheridan's camp beyond Cedar Creek. From the Massanutten

peaks his signals watched and waved. Long before dawn on the morning of October 19 his right wing, led by Gordon, reached out along the mountain side, across the river, across Cedar Creek, and stealthily crept around the left flank of Sheridan's camps. It reminds us of Stonewall Jackson's circuits at Second Manassas and Chancellorsville. Wharton moved upon the right wing of Sheridan's camps, far to the west, along the present line of the railway to Winchester. Kershaw advanced between Gordon and Wharton.

Confusion broke with the dawn. The Federals, surprised in their blankets, scattered in flight. Only their retired right wing avoided rout. But General H. G. Wright, who was in command of the Federals in Sheridan's absence, succeeded in reforming his lines a mile and a half below Middletown. A little later Sheridan arrived, having galloped up the ten or eleven miles from Winchester, his black charger's hoofs beating time to the sounds of battle.

Herman Melville, Thomas B. Read, and others have celebrated Sheridan's ride in poetry. Read's poem is best known, and several stanzas are quoted below. It should be remembered, however, by the student of history that the "twenty miles" are mere poetic license. The Federal camps at first were only fourteen miles from Winchester, and by the time Sheridan met his retreating soldiers they had fallen back three or four miles. The best account of what he actually did is given in his "Personal Memoirs," published in New York in 1888.

But here is part of the famous poem:

“Up from the south, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's
door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and

roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

“But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morn-
 ing light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

“The first that the general saw were the
 groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating
 troops;
What was done? What to do? A glance
 told him both.
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of
 huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
 there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to
 pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger
 was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's
 play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
'I've brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester down to save the day.'”

The Ramseur monument, which stands beside the Pike a short distance south of Middletown, is not far from the points at which Gordon struck his surprise blow upon Sheridan's camps that early morning. Old Belle Grove Mansion, half a mile northwest from the monument, was

Sheridan's headquarters after the battle; and there, in a room close to that occupied by the Federal commander, General Ramseur died the next day. He had fallen into the hands of the Federals as Early was driven back up the Valley.

Following is a copy of the inscription on the bronze tablet, base of the Ramseur monument:

NORTHWEST OF THIS TABLET 800 YARDS,
IS THE BELLE GROVE HOUSE IN WHICH DIED, OCT. 20, 1864,
OF WOUNDS RECEIVED AT CEDAR CREEK, OCT. 19, 1864,
MAJ.-GEN. STEPHEN DODSON RAMSEUR, C. S. A.
A NATIVE OF NORTH CAROLINA, HE RESIGNED FROM
THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN 1861, AND ENTERING
THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY AS A LIEUTENANT
ROSE TO THE RANK OF MAJOR-GENERAL AT THE AGE OF 27.
ERECTED 1919 BY
THE NORTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL COMMISSION
AND
THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION U. D. C.

At another point on the Cedar Creek battlefield, not far from the Ramseur monument and near the place where the Pike crosses the shad-



Federal Monument, Cedar Creek Battlefield

owed stream, is a Federal monument, bearing the following inscription:

128th REGT. N. Y. S. V. I.
IN MEMORY OF
THE MEN OF THIS REGIMENT
WHO LOST THEIR LIVES AT THE BATTLE
OF CEDAR CREEK, OCTOBER 19, 1864.
ERECTED BY
THEIR COMRADES AND FRIENDS.
DEDICATED IN 1907.

In the battle of Cedar Creek, owing to the surprise attack, the Federals lost heavily—5600, including 1700 prisoners. Early lost only 2900; but, following the Federal rally in the afternoon of the battle, he was driven by Sheridan's overwhelming numbers in wild confusion up the Valley. He camped for three weeks at New Market, while Sheridan sojourned at Kernstown. Later there was some skirmishing between the outposts, but the battle of Cedar Creek was the last big battle in the Valley.

PART EIGHT

Beside the Massanutten

From Strasburg to Front Royal and back again the armies of Blue and Gray played hide and seek around the towering peaks of Massanutten, which here divide the Valley with majestic boldness, while the Blue Ridge on the east and the Alleghanies on the west draw near in rugged sympathy, as if to close the narrow gates. Before passing on, either north or south, the tourist will do well to take another look about him to see what he has perchance overlooked, either in scenic beauty, in civic achievement, or in cherished story.

Front Royal and Riverton

At Riverton the two branches of the Shenandoah unite in a scenic limestone gorge that is fringed with corn and willows and threaded with roads and railroads. At Front Royal, the



Old Millar Homestead, near Front Royal, where
George Washington, Davy Crockett and
other persons of note have been
entertained

county-seat of Warren County, landscape charm is enhanced by history and tradition. From the arcades of Randolph-Macon Academy, which crown a commanding height, the view of town and mountains is unsurpassed. Beyond the town, on the first green slopes of the Blue Ridge, in Chester Gap, the U. S. Government remount station imposes a cosmopolitan touch upon the sheltered arcady. The massive, yet graceful buildings, set in the midst of 5000 acres of Alpine fields, compose one of the great show places of the Valley.

Near Strasburg

Near Strasburg, in addition to the battlefields and fort already mentioned, are Crystal Caverns, Fisher's Hill, and Powell's Fort. Crystal Caverns are on the Valley Pike, just a mile north of Strasburg, in one of the hills of Cedar Creek battlefield. Fisher's Hill is a mile southwest of Strasburg, and is crossed by the Valley Pike on its way toward Woodstock and the upper Valley. Powell's Fort is a romantic vale that is hidden away in the gorges of the Massanutten Mountains. It ends almost on a line drawn from Strasburg to Front Royal, where the creek that drains it leaps down from the heights to join the Shenandoah River. At present a splendid engineering project is under way, by which the waters from Powell's Fort are to be carried through the mountain by means of a tunnel for the better furnishing of the town of Strasburg and the surrounding community. The roads leading from Strasburg and Front Royal into Powell's Fort are passable for automobiles, and the Fort is a favorite summer resort for many persons from both towns.

Marlboro and Mountain Falls

Fifteen miles north of Strasburg, and an equal distance west of Winchester, high on the

slopes of Great North Mountain, are Mountain Falls, long celebrated for their beauty and their wild environs. Over a massive ledge of rock a cold mountain brook leaps merrily down sheer ninety feet; then, gathering its scattered rills and sprays again, it takes another leap of twenty-five feet into the yawning canon. The view of these falls from the gorge below is indescribably beautiful. Anyone who delights in hard climbing and unspoiled nature will enjoy a visit to this idyllic spot. By way of Mountain Falls postoffice, a road passable for automobiles leads to a point within half a mile of the falls.

Marlboro, on Cedar Creek, five miles northwest of Middletown, is the site of General Isaac Zane's old iron works. During the Revolution and before, the iron from Zane's furnaces was widely used in northern Virginia. Part of the ruined furnace stack may still be found at Marlboro, and nearby is a pile of ore that has probably lain there a hundred years. The Cedar Creek gorge at Marlboro, the cascade, the old stone mill, and the quaint wooden bridge are well worth a visit.

Fisher's Hill

From Strasburg to Fisher's Hill the Valley Pike curves around the foot of a long ridge, almost dipping into the sparkling waters of the Shenandoah River at one or two points. The scene eastward, across the river and beyond the town, toward the towering Massanutten, is worthy of more than one pause and glance.

At the foot of Fisher's Hill the Pike crosses a small stream, clear and cold from the hills westward, then begins to wind around and up the rugged slope. The old track lies on the north side of the hill; but this is being abandoned for the new way on the south side. Fisher's Hill has long been one of the danger places on the Pike, and the ice that gathers in the shade of the north side in winter has added no little

to the hazard of a journey down that way. The new way of sunshine on the south side is much safer, though it lacks perforce the romance and the tragedy, as well as the picturesqueness, of the old trail.

It was at Fisher's Hill, as already noted, that Sheridan on September 22, 1864, following up



Dead Man's Bend, Fisher's Hill

the Valley from Winchester, fell upon Early and defeated his dwindling forces again. Early's line was stretched across the Pike on the brow of the hill, and thence across the railroad, behind the little stream, far towards the west. Sheridan, while attacking on the front, sent Crook on a long circuit from the right wing to fall upon Early's left flank and rear. Descending thus from Little North Mountain, Crook doubled back Early's thin line, and soon the boys in gray were forced back up the Pike, across the plateau to Tom's Brook and beyond. But for many years past the Johnnies have

come back to Fisher's Hill every summer for a grand reunion. This annual event has come to be one of the notable occasions in the social life of the Valley.

Four "Round Hills"

West of the Pike, between Fisher's Hill and Tom's Brook, rises the wooded cone locally known as "Round Hill." It is a conspicuous landmark, and it bears a favorite name; for no less than four hills in the Shenandoah Valley are called Round Hill. One of them is just back of Winchester; another is at Bridgewater, in Rockingham County; a third is also in Rockingham County, between Greenmount and Singer's Glen. This one west of Fisher's Hill, north of Tom's Brook, makes four.

Tom's Brook has its history to enhance its natural scenery. Near the village, on October 9, 1864, a sharp fight was staged between several Federal brigades and the Confederates who were following upon the heels of the barn-burners. The Johnnies were repulsed with rather severe loss.

The next village on the Pike above Tom's Brook is Maurertown, locally called "Morrytown," with its thrifty homes and its well-kept school building. Two or three miles farther on the Pike crosses Pugh's Run, near the railroad bridge, which may be seen through the trees a hundred yards up the gorge. A mile south of Pugh's Run is Woodstock, "Miller's Town" of colonial days, the county-seat of Shenandoah County.

Historic Old Woodstock

The town was established by law in the year 1761, on 1200 acres of land belonging to Jacob Miller, and hence was familiarly termed "Muel-lerstadt," although the legal name, as fixed in the Act of Assembly of 1761, was Woodstock.

Cornelius Riddel, John Skeen, Burr Harrison, Matthew Harrison, Joseph Langdon, Moses Striker, Adam Yeaker, Jacob Miller, and Peter Hainger were the first directors and trustees.

“Shanando” vs. Dunmore

The temper of the Woodstock folk in colonial days may be judged from several incidents. In 1772 the new counties of Berkley and Dunmore were carved out from old Frederick; but by 1777 the name of Dunmore had become so odious to the patriots that they got the Assembly to change the name of their county to “Shanando.” This, in time, has come to be familiar and beloved in the longer form of “Shenandoah.” As early as June 16, 1774, some of the leading citizens in the vicinity of Woodstock called a public meeting which adopted spirited resolutions in behalf of colonial liberty. A committee of safety and correspondence was appointed, the personnel of which committee has abiding luster—Peter Muhlenberg, Francis Slaughter, Abraham Bird, Taverner Beale, John Tipton, and Abraham Bowman.

Feeding Boston

After news of the Boston Port Bill reached the Shenandoah Valley the people here began to make liberal gifts of their substance for the relief of their suffering brethren in the North. Bancroft the historian says that the farmers of the Valley hauled to Frederick (Winchester, in all probability) 137 barrels of flour for the Massachusetts town. It is well known how Daniel Morgan and his riflemen from Winchester and the Valley made a record march to Boston—and into immortal story. Soon after Morgan and his men went to Boston and Quebec and Saratoga, the famous “German Regiment” from the Shenandoah Valley also broke into Revolutionary history. And many of the men

who helped George Rogers Clark conquer the Northwest were from the hills and vales of Shenandoah. Joseph Bowman, Clark's right hand man, was from the vicinity of Strasburg. He was a grandson of pioneer Jost Hite of Springdale.

A Bugle Call

The particular incident that gave old Woodstock a unique distinction in song and story was the dramatic conduct, early in the Revolution, of young Pastor Muhlenberg. Thomas Buchanan Read has given us the most stirring picture of the incident. As we look and listen we think of Macaulay's thrilling story of how the news of the Armada's approach was heralded in England,

“From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,
From Lynn to Milford Bay, . . .
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces
The sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on
O'er the wide vale of Trent.”

So, after the fight at Lexington, in Massachusetts, in April 1775, the news was carried by riders, flashed by fires, and sounded with bells—

“Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light that flies
At midnight through startled skies.”

Out of New England, across New York and the Jerseys, through the staid Quaker communities of Pennsylvania, across Catholic Maryland, and beyond the Potomac into Virginia and the South,

“The first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington.”

At Woodstock and elsewhere in the Shenandoah Valley there was "tumult in the air," and "the answering tread of hurrying feet." On a Sunday morning shortly following the young pastor, John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, provided already with a colonel's commission, turned his sermon into a call to arms, while at the door of the little church, by his order,

"The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang throug the chapel, o'er and o'er."

A regiment, the 8th Virginia, soon famous as "The German Regiment," was recruited from the Valley and led away to war by young Muhlenberg. Later, when he was made a general, Abraham Bowman, a brother to Joseph Bowman, commanded this regiment.

From the old stone court house in Woodstock it is only a few rods to the spot where Muhlenberg's little church of Revolutionary days stood. Historians, poets, and artists have sought the place, drawn by the "stirring sentences he spake."

Mr. Elon O. Henkel is of the opinion that Muhlenberg probably carried out the same program of martial fervor at Rude's Hill and New Market. At any rate, the warlike pastor's clerical gown may be seen today at New Market, among Mr. Henkel's interesting collection of relics; his statue in the Capitol at Washington takes its pose from those dramatic days in the Valley.

County Archives

In the quaint old court house at Woodstock, as well as in the county clerk's office at Winchester, are volumes of interesting records, dating back to colonial days. The student of history and biography will find these records a rich storehouse of information. The Shenandoah Herald, a weekly newspaper now owned by Miss Mary C. Grabill, has been published at

Woodstock for more than a century. Massanutten Military Academy is built around the old home of Senator H. H. Riddleberger, at the south end of the town.

If the visitor will drive eastward from Woodstock to the top of the Massanutten Mountain he may command a landscape view that is hard to parallel. At his feet, between the mountain and the town, lies the rich river plain, marked off in a marvelous series of panels by the gigantic convolutions of the stream as it winds back and forth for many miles. No photograph can give an adequate impression of the beauty and the majesty of this scene.

Powell's Fort

Looking eastward from the mountain-top at this point, one sees the long, narrow little valley already mentioned and widely known as



Entrance to Powell's Fort, near Strasburg and Front Royal

Powell's Fort. This romantic and idyllic vale divides the mountain chain for a distance of ten or twelve miles. Beginning at a point nearly opposite Edinburg and Woodstock, it continues in its hidden way to the end of the Massanutten chain at Strasburg and Front Royal. The scenery in the Fort is rugged and sublime. Stories of romance and tragedy are not wanting, if anything were needed to enhance the charm of nature's gifts. Several times during the Civil War this quiet fastness became a "valley of death." In Indian days it was a haunt and a hunting ground. Washington, we are told, more than once thought of it as a place built by nature for the last defence of a forlorn hope.

For a long time during the early years of settlement, a man by the name of Powell lived in the Fort and coined money from precious metals that he alone knew where to find. All efforts on the part of the officers of the law to apprehend him, one after the other, ended in failure. He always eluded them. Hence arose the name, "Powell's Fort." Even in our own prosaic days—to be more exact, on dark stormy nights—some of the dwellers far out in the great Valley can see lights flashing on the Massanutten. "Old Powell is out again tonight," they say.

At a quiet little resort in Powell's Fort, namely, Seven Fountains, one may secure a cottage for the summer and spend a month or two far from the noise and rush of cities. At other places camping parties find "sylvan solitudes and boughs for canopy."

Narrow Passage

Three miles southwest of Woodstock, on the Valley Pike, is Narrow Passage, scenic and historic. Fenced in on either side, the Pike here crosses on a ledge of rocks the narrow wall that divides creek and river. On the east side is the Shenandoah, "Daughter of the Stars,"

rippling and sparkling far below. On the west side the creek comes tumbling down the gorge, under the high railway bridge, as if impatient to join the river. Held back by the rock wall on which the road is built, it whirls abruptly northward, but drawn irresistibly by the chains of gravity it continues to seek the larger stream with such persistency that the two are united within half a mile.

The tourist should rest here for half an hour, clamber down the bluff toward the river and walk out on the little suspension bridge that spans the stream, and there revel in the riot of color, form, and motion that greets the eye.

In the early days, when the farmers of the Valley had to "wagon" to Winchester and Alexandria, the road at the narrows was so meager and so hedged in with trees that each driver on coming to the entrance at either end was expected to stop his team and walk ahead before driving in, to see that the way was clear. Two wagons could not pass in that "strait and narrow way."

Some years ago a cattle train broke down the high wooden railway bridge that then stood where the iron bridge may now be seen. It was a night of horror. Practically all of the cattle and nearly all of the men on the train were killed.

Edinburg Gap

Two and a half miles southwest of Narrow Passage, by the railroad and the Valley Pike, is the thrifty town of Edinburg, near the mouth of Stony Creek. The natural scenery along the creek from Edinburg to the Shenandoah River is bold and beautiful.

At Narrow Passage and all along the Pike between that point and Edinburg a conspicuous feature in the eastward landscape is Edinburg Gap, in the Massanutten Mountain. It opens wide and deep behind the end of Six-Mile Moun-

tain (a ridge of the Massanutten that towers along between Edinburg and Mt. Jackson), and admits the traveler to the upper end of Powell's Fort. Roads lead through the gap into the Fort from Edinburg and vicinity.

Pence's Hill and Red Banks

The distance between Edinburg and Mt. Jackson is seven miles. Halfway between the two towns is Red Banks, a historic old homestead by the river side. In the days of stage-coaching Red Banks was a favorite place of entertainment for travelers. Andrew Jackson and Madame Jerome Bonaparte were among the guests of antebellum years. The old house at Red Banks has been remodeled and transformed into a mansion elegant and modern, but the original walls of the structure have been incorporated in the present building. At Red Banks the Pike turns sharply, and the automobile driver, especially if he is coming from the northeast (from Woodstock and Edinburg), needs to exercise due care—unless he wishes to take a flying leap into the river.

Halfway between Red Banks and Edinburg is Pence's Hill, a fine elevation with a long approach from either side. From the top of Pence's Hill one may see the Massanutten Range in its entire length of fifty miles. Southward is the end opposite Harrisonburg; towards the northeast may be seen the abrupt promontory at Strasburg; and all along the horizon eastward the regular outline of the mountain wall.

Jumping Run Bridge

For half a mile above Red Banks the Pike runs beside the beautiful Shenandoah, which is here spanned by a bridge and fringed with willows. At the point where Jumping Run enters the larger stream the tourist may find refreshment in the Riverside Tea Room. The camper,

the swimmer, and the angler will be fain to linger another day. The village of Hawkinstown is on the hill, half a mile farther towards Mt. Jackson. It is surrounded by fertile farms and beautiful scenery.

Mt. Jackson

Mt. Jackson, halfway between Edinburg and New Market—seven miles from either—commemorates in its name the times and the virtues of “Old Hickory”; in its history it is replete with stories of the Civil War; and in its surroundings it is furnished to delight the eye. It was the scene of frequent sharp fights between Blue and



Monument in Confederate Cemetery,
Mt. Jackson

Gray. Here was located a large Confederate hospital; and in the soldiers' cemetery near the town may be seen one of the most artistic monuments of those that mark the resting places of heroes dead. The old union church in the midst

of the village has been the scene of community activities for three or four generations.

Orkney Springs

Twelve miles northwest of Mt. Jackson, in the foothills of the Alleghanies, are Orkney Springs, long famous for their healing waters. The Blue Sulphur, the Bear Wallow, and the Iron Spring are among those best known. At Orkney accommodations may be secured for a day or for a summer. The scenery along Mill Creek, between Mt. Jackson and Orkney, must be seen to be appreciated.

The River Bridge

A mile above (south) of Mt. Jackson the Pike leaps off the brow of a hill and crosses the Shenandoah by means of an iron bridge. The broad, level expanse of Meems's Bottoms extends from the bridge two miles to the foot of Rude's Hill. The old wooden bridge that spanned the river during the Civil War was the scene of many hard fights between Blue and Gray. It was a point of great strategic value.

In the opinion of L. Triplett, Esq., of Mt. Jackson, the hardest fight of the famous Valley Campaign (of 1862) took place here. General Turner Ashby, Captain Ramsay Koontz, and another Confederate were attempting to burn the bridge to cover Stonewall Jackson's retreat up the Valley before Fremont. They were attacked by five Federals. Two of the latter were killed and the other three were wounded. The Confederates burned the bridge.

When Fremont threw across a pontoon bridge, Jackson had trees cut above, thrown into the river, and headed downstream. The river was "high" and the logs broke Fremont's bridge. The Federals also tried to cross the river farther up, at Quicksburg and New Market, but Jackson prevented them. He thus gain-

ed time to move his supplies and prisoners towards Harrisonburg.

It was at or near the river bridge that Ashby's famous white charger was mortally wounded.

Meem's Bottoms

For two miles in a straight line, from the river bridge above Mt. Jackson to the foot of Rude's Hill, the Pike runs across the celebrated thousand acres known as Meems's Bottoms. This fine body of land forms a level peninsula between the river on the west and Smith Creek on the east. On the bluff to the west stands the mansion house of Strathmoor, formerly the home of Gen. Gilbert S. Meem. On the hills to the east, between the creek and the Massanutten, is the fine old homestead of Mt. Airy, formerly the residence of Capt. John Meem.

Mt. Airy

About the year 1800 William Steenbergen, sometimes called Baron Steenbergen, married a daughter of Col. Taverner Beale, well known in Revolutionary days. Soon afterwards the Baron built the limestone mansion known ever since as Mt. Airy. For it two mantelpieces were imported from Italy. A few years ago when the old structure was rebuilt, each stone was marked and replaced in its former position.

Rude's Hill

Rude's Hill overlooks Meems's Bottoms from the southwest, and affords one of the finest views in the Valley. From this point one can see, on a clear day, the Alleghanies running down the western side of the Valley almost or quite to the Potomac River. During the early spring of 1862 Stonewall Jackson's army lay encamped for a week or two on Rude's Hill, and at various times during the war sharp fights

took place in the vicinity. The home of Col. John Francis Neff, the youngest regimental commander of the Stonewall Brigade, was in the red brick mansion in the flat, just across the river from Rude's Hill. It is said that Muhlenberg preached in a Lutheran church that stood on or near Rude's Hill in Revolutionary times.

Shenandoah Caverns

From Rude's Hill a road leads off westward from the Pike to Shenandoah Caverns. The buildings belonging to the caverns may be seen on the hills a mile to the northwest. The large wooded hill just west of the caverns is known as Third Hill, or Turkey Knob. It was a noted signal station during the Civil War.

Cedar Grove Church

On Rude's Hill, on the west side of the Pike, almost opposite Cedar Grove Church, is a white marble shaft that commemorates a tragedy of Reconstruction days. There, on June 27, 1865, Capt. Geo. W. Summers and Sergt. Newton Koontz of Page County were shot by order of Lt.-Col. Huzzy, of Ohio, on a charge of having violated their paroles.

New Market

New Market, said to have been laid out soon after the end of the French and Indian War by John Sevier, is on the plateau three miles southwest of Rude's Hill and opposite the deep gash in the Massanutten known as New Market Gap.

New Market was for many years the home of Joseph Salyards, scholar, teacher, and poet. At New Market in 1806 Ambrose Henkel established a printing house which is still in operation in the hands of his descendants. It is probably the oldest Lutheran printing house in America. Mr. Elon O. Henkel, the present owner and

manager, has collected many historical relics in his office. A visit to his museum will be found interesting and profitable.

New Market Battlefield

On May 15, 1864, the Confederates, under General Breckinridge, defeated the Federals, under General Sigel, at New Market in a hard-fought battle. The Confederates came in from the southwest, drove the enemy out of the town, and pressed them on down across the plateau between the river and Smith Creek. The hardest fighting was on the Bushong farm, just



Federal Monument, New Market Battlefield

northeast of the town. The old buildings there still show the marks of bullets and cannon shot. In the battle the 62d Virginia regiment, Woodson's company of Missourians, and the V. M. I. cadets won special honors. In the cemetery of St. Matthew Evangelical Lutheran Church is a

granite shaft to the memory of the southern soldiers and the Cadets. Near the old Bushong house is a marker to the Missourians; and near the Pike, not far from the Bushong house, is a Federal monument, erected specially to the memory of the 54th Regt. Pa. Vet. Vol. Inftry.

For books, maps, and more particular information regarding the battle of New Market, the student and the visitor should see Mr. Elon O. Henkel.

New Market Gap

In May, 1862, Stonewall Jackson led his army eastward through the New Market Gap while Banks was watchfully waiting for him at Strasburg. If the tourist will follow Jackson's trail through the Gap to Luray and Skyland he will find many wonders to delight the eye.

Luray Cave

The Luray Caverns should be visited by all lovers of wonderful, beautiful nature. Tickets and information may be secured at New Market as well as at Luray. The Lee Highway route leads from Washington across the Blue Ridge, past Luray, through New Market Gap, and on to the Valley Pike at New Market.

Skyland

In the Blue Ridge nine miles east of Luray, at an elevation of 4000 feet above the sea and 3600 above the Page valley, is Skyland Park, an Alpine wonderland of 6000 acres, made ready by skill and wealth for the summer visitor. Two miles away is White Oak Canyon, containing eight beautiful cascades, 50 to 100 feet in height. Many travelers declare that the scenery in White Oak Canyon surpasses that of Watkins Glen, N. Y.; and it has been suggested that Skyland is to the East what Eaton's Ranch, Wyoming, is to the West.

Endless Caverns

Four miles south of New Market, at the foot of the beautiful Massanutten, are the Endless Caverns, open to visitors day and night. More particulars concerning these subterranean labyrinths will be found in the special chapter on caverns.

New Market to Harrisonburg

The distance between New Market and Harrisonburg is 18 miles. Along the way, following the Pike, one passes Tenth Legion, Lacey Spring, Melrose, and Smithland. On the railroad one goes through the busy towns of Timberville and Broadway.

Tenth Legion got its name from an expression of Thomas Jefferson, who spoke of the Valley as "the Tenth Legion of Democracy." Lacey Spring, halfway between Harrisonburg and New Market, was the scene of a fierce engagement during the Civil War. Many thousands of the boys, Blue and Gray, long remembered the great spring at the foot of the hill. Smithland, two miles out of Harrisonburg, is the place where the justices of Rockingham organized in 1778, under authority of Governor Patrick Henry.

Harrisonburg

In May, 1780, the Virginia legislature passed an act that established two towns: Louisville in the county of Kentucky and Harrisonburg in the county of Rockingham. The latter was laid out on 50 acres of land by Thomas Harrison, and was to be called Harrisonburg, although for many years in the common speech of the residents and surrounding communities it was often termed "Rocktown." The famous Bishop Francis Asbury, who visited the place in 1794 and 1795, refers to it in his Journal as "Rock-Town."

One of the early houses in Harrisonburg was

built by Dr. Asher Waterman, soon after the close of the Revolution. Waterman was a surgeon in Washington's army; was with him, it is said, at the crossing of the Delaware. He and his descendants became large landholders in and around Harrisonburg. In 1910 Albert G. Waterman of New York gave the town three acres for a school site, and his name is today honored in the Waterman School, which may be seen in the northern part of the city. The old house of Asher Waterman is still to be found at the southwest side of the public square, near the "Big Spring." The latter was long a noted landmark of Harrisonburg, being until a generation ago the chief source of water supply for the community; but it is now covered by the pavement of the street. A man-hole marks the spot, however, and one may still look down upon the gushing stream that satisfied the burning thirst of red man and white man, and doubtless also of deer and buffalo, for so many years.

Harrisonburg is one of the youngest cities in Virginia, but it is one of the most progressive. Every visitor has a good word to say of its hospitality and thrift. One of the State Normal Schools of Virginia for white women is located on the south side of the city. It was opened to students in 1909. The Harrisonburg hotels and restaurants are excellent. The banks and business houses, the flour mills and factories, all reflect the prosperity of farms, orchards, stock ranges, and poultry yards in the surrounding regions.

On East Market Street, Harrisonburg, is Stoneleigh, the boyhood home of Dr. Walter Reed. At Stoneleigh in 1864 General Sheridan had his headquarters for several days.

Harrisonburg as a Center

Good roads lead out from Harrisonburg in all directions, and whether the visitor is interested

in beautiful landscapes, historic homes and battlefields, fine farms, productive orchards, pure bred stock, thrifty towns and villages, or a place to spend a leisure summer, the ways are open and the latch-strings are out.



Entrance to Harrison Hall, State Normal,
Harrisonburg

To Elkton and Shenandoah

The twenty-mile drive from Harrisonburg eastward, around Peaked Mountain, through Penn Laird and McGaheysville to Elkton and Shenandoah City, is one of the finest in the country. The towering peak of the Massanutten, which the road half encircles, is unique and splendid. The undulating line of the Blue Ridge on the far side of the Valley is majestic and beautiful. When the mountain streams are



Bear Lithia Spring, near Elkton

flushed with vernal snows or summer rains the graceful curve of Cedar Cliff Falls, back of Elkton, may be seen from the Valley. Bear Lithia Spring, between Elkton and Shenandoah, is well worth a visit. Rockingham Springs, where Sidney Lanier spent the summer of 1879, is at the foot of the Massanutten. A monument to Spottswood and the Knights of the Horseshoe is in Swift Run Gap. Massanetta Cave is near Keezletown. It is an underground fairyland.

To Cross Keys and Port Republic

To visit the historic battlefields of Cross Keys and Port Republic, one coming out from Harrisonburg should take the Elkton road, but turn to the right at Peale's Cross Roads, a mile north-

west of Penn Laird. From Peale's Cross Roads the Keezletown Road leads straight to Cross Keys. Thence cross-country roads lead to Port, three or four miles farther south.

The battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic made a climax to Stonewall Jackson's whirlwind campaign of the spring and early summer of 1862. At Cross Keys, on June 8, Ewell, with part of Stonewall's army, checked Fremont's advance from Harrisonburg till Jackson crossed the rivers at Port. Then, on the 9th, two or three miles below Port, between the river and the Blue Ridge, Jackson and Shields fought the hardest battle of the Valley Campaign, while Fremont was held back by the flushed rivers, over which the bridges had been burned. In the battle of Port Republic the famous Louisiana Tigers, with other celebrated troops, rendered effective service. At the bridge leading across North River into the village Jackson himself narrowly escaped capture just before the battle.

To Ashby Place

Two miles south of Harrisonburg General Turner Ashby was killed at sundown June 6, 1862, while covering Jackson's retreat towards Cross Keys and Port Republic. A granite shaft marks the place where he was shot. John Esten Cooke, in "Surry of Eagle's Nest," has given



Ashby's Monument, near Harrisonburg

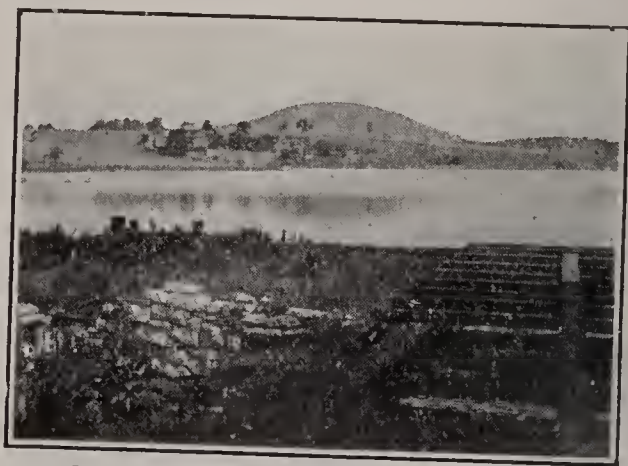
a stirring description of the fatal clash of arms in which Ashby fell.

Grottoes of the Shenandoah (Formerly Weyer's Cave)

From Harrisonburg to The Grottoes is a drive of 20 miles over good roads and through beautiful landscapes. Follow the Valley Pike out of the city southward; turn east on the hill above Burketown; pass through the village of Weyers Cave; cross Middle River by the bridge at Mt. Meridian; go east to the South River bridge near Grottoes; turn to the right along-side Cave Hill. Riverside Park at the Grottoes is a beautiful resting place. Weyer's Cave and the adjacent Cave of the Fountains are among the world's wonders.

Dayton and Bridgewater

Four miles westward from Harrisonburg, on the old Warm Springs Turnpike, is the busy town of Dayton. Here are located the Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, founded in 1875, and the well-known Ruebush-Kieffer Publishing House. The old dwelling beside Cook's Creek at the entrance to Dayton was built in colonial



Silver Lake and Mole Hill, Dayton

times and was used as a fort. An underground passage connected it with a spring at the foot of the hill.

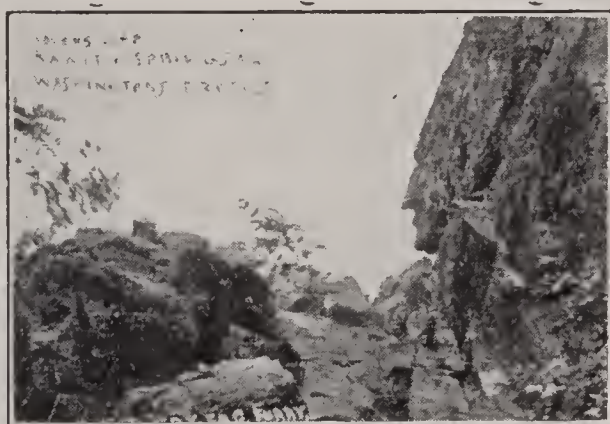
Three miles farther westward is Bridgewater, on North River, in the midst of beautiful landscapes. Bridgewater College was established in 1880.



Natural Falls and Round Hill, Bridgewater

Rawley Springs

Twelve miles northwest of Harrisonburg, hidden in the first ranges of the Alleghany Mountains, is the well-known summer resort, Rawley Springs. Many families of Harrisonburg



Washington's Profile, Rawley Springs

and Rockingham County have cottages here; and plans are under way for restoring the large hotels for the accommodation of guests from a distance.

Singer's Glen

Nine miles north of Harrisonburg is the beautiful rural village of Singer's Glen. There, a cen-

tury ago, Joseph Funk, now hailed as "Father of Song in Northern Virginia," began to teach vocal music and to publish music books for the use of the common people. The little house in which he carried on the modest beginnings of his great work is still standing beside the spring that gushes from the hillside. His fine services have been continued and enlarged in the hands of three generations of his descendants. Thousands near and far bless his memory. The Ruebush-Kieffer Publishing House at Dayton is an outgrowth of his work at Singer's Glen—"Mountain Valley," as it was known until 1860.

Near Singer's Glen is the popular summer resort of Sparkling Springs.

Brock's Gap

A few miles north of Singer's Glen—just northwest of Broadway—is one of the greatest natural wonders of the Valley, Brock's Gap. Here the head waters of the north branch of the Shenandoah River gash their way out of the Alleghanies, forming some of the boldest and most picturesque scenery in the country. From the day in September, 1784, when George Washington came through this way into Rockingham from a western tour, to the present, the Gap road has been a much-used highway. Nearly every summer afternoon it is traversed by picnic parties from the Valley towns.

To reach Brock's Gap from the Valley Pike the tourist should turn westward near Mauzy, between Tenth Legion and Lacey Spring; go by way of Mayland to Broadway, and thence up the river road to the Gap.

The Lincoln Homestead

Eight miles north of Harrisonburg, below Edom, in the beautiful Linville Creek Valley, is the old home of "Virginia John" Lincoln and his descendants. It was from this place that Abraham Lincoln, with his baby son Thomas, moved to Kentucky about the end of the Revo-

lution. The front part of the present Lincoln



Lincoln Homestead

house on Linville Creek was built by Capt. Jacob Lincoln about 1800; the wing in the rear was added some years later by his son Abraham. The graveyard on the hill contains the graves of Lincolns and their relatives. For a hundred



Lincoln Graveyard

years Lincolns have been living at Lacey Spring as well as on Linville Creek. Other members of the family live in Harrisonburg and elsewhere in the county.

Near the Lincoln house is the old homestead of the Bryans, the family into which Daniel Boone married. It is said that the Boones, when moving south, sojourned for a year on Linville Creek.

PART NINE

South of the Massanutten

From Harrisonburg to Staunton and Lexington the Valley widens out again into its full 30 miles from the Blue Ridge on the east to the Alleghanies on the west. The south end of the Massanutten range, which divides the Valley from Strasburg to Harrisonburg, drops abruptly down into the plain just below Cross Keys and Port Republic. Seen from Staunton, Waynesboro, and other points in the upper Valley, this end of the range looks like a single peak, cutting boldly into the skyline.

Grattan's Hill—And Others

On the Valley Pike, between Mt. Crawford and Burkettown, one crosses North River. It is a fork of the south branch of the Shenandoah, and it is the stream over which Stonewall Jackson burned the bridge at Port Republic in 1862. At the same time, at the bridge on the Pike, he had a force stationed to keep back the Federal right wing.

Along the Pike between the river bridge and Burkettown the observer has a fine view of Grattan's Hill, a large wooded cone on the west. It is right on the line between the counties of Rockingham and Augusta.

Northwest of Grattan's Hill four miles is Round Hill, just back of Bridgewater; and farther around towards the north is the gracefully rounded bulk of Mole Hill, several miles northwest of Dayton. All three of these hills, Grattan's Hill, Round Hill, and Mole Hill, are conspicuous landmarks from the Pike between Mt. Crawford and Burkettown. Off to the south may be seen a similar hill, near the village of New Hope.

Old Stone Church

A mile and a half southwest of Mt. Sidney, on the Pike, is Augusta Stone Church, dating from Indian times. It is said that the women of the



Old Stone Church, Fort Defiance

congregation carried the sand used for making mortar in the original structure in bags, on horseback, from the river several miles away; and that for many years the men carried their rifles to the Sunday services.

Near Augusta Church are the railway station of Fort Defiance (so called from the use of the old church as a fort) and Augusta Military Academy.

Willow Spout

Near Fort Defiance (quite near the military academy) is one of the best-known landmarks on all the ninety-odd miles of the Valley Pike—the Willow Spout. For a century, perhaps, a willow tree has stood by the roadside, and from it has gushed a stream of cold water to quench the thirst of man and beast. It is probable that every soldier, Blue and Gray, who passed that way in the sixties, had a drink from the Willow

Spout. One tree has succeeded another, and one spout has replaced another, as the generations of men have come and gone; but the Wil-



Willow Spout, Fort Defiance

low Spout still supplies its life-giving stream for all the wayfarers on the Long Gray Trail. In the Willow Spout Coffee House may be seen a piano used in 1879 by Mrs. Sidney Lanier.

Betsy Bell and Mary Gray

From Middle River and Verona, going southward, one soon comes to the hills of Staunton; and above them all rise boldly up the twin heights, Betsy Bell and Mary Gray. Various stories, romantic and tragic enough, are told in explanation of the names; but there they stand—they can speak for themselves!

“For whether they be bonny hills,
Or lassies, as some say,
There’s many a swain loves Betsy Bell,
An’ dreams o’ Mary Gray!”

Historic Staunton

Staunton, the largest city of the Shenandoah Valley, stands at the crossing of great highways, with open doors and hospitable provision for son and stranger. Here the main line of the C. & O. Railway, east and west, crosses the Valley Branch of the B. & O., running north and south. Here, too, the automobile route



Birthplace of Woodrow Wilson, Staunton

from Richmond, Gordonsville, and Charlottesville passes westward to Monterey, to Goshen, Hot Springs, Warm Springs, and White Sulphur Springs, crossing the Valley Pike and the roads to Lexington, Roanoke, and Lynchburg.

In Staunton is the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson. Two miles east of the city are the old home and the grave of John Lewis, the Augusta pioneer, whose sons, Thomas Lewis, Gen. Andrew Lewis, and Col. Charles Lewis, became famous in colonial and Revolutionary days. In the city are well-known schools: Mary Baldwin Seminary, Stuart Hall, Staunton Military Academy, and the Virginia School for the Deaf and



John Lewis House, near Staunton

Blind. The Augusta County records are a rich mine of information for the student and historian.

Near Staunton

Buffalo Gap, on the road to Goshen, and Jennings Gap, on the road to Monterey, are rich in natural scenery. Stribling Springs, 12 miles north of Staunton, and Seawright Spring, 10 miles out of the city, are famed for their invigorating waters. It was at Stribling Springs, it is said, that Mrs. Townshend wrote that beautiful poem, "A Georgia Volunteer." The path of Jackson's army, returning from McDowell, led hard by the Springs, and one of the brave fellows, mortally wounded in the battle, was buried there, "where the moss lay thick beneath the foot and the pines sighed overhead."

Nine miles northeast of Staunton, near New Hope, is the battlefield of Piedmont, where a bloody engagement took place on June 5, 1864, between 9,000 Federals under General Hunter and a somewhat smaller force of Confederates under Generals Jones and McCausland. General Jones (Wm. E.) was killed in the battle.



Cyclopean Towers, near Mt. Solon

Cyclopean Towers

Near Mt. Solon, 15 miles north of Staunton, are the picturesque Cyclopean Towers; and in the village is the beautiful Crater Lake.

Waynesboro and Basic

A dozen miles east of Staunton, on the fine

road towards Charlottesville, are the twin towns of Waynesboro and Basic. They lie in the midst of rich farms and productive orchards. At Waynesboro is Fishburne Military Academy; at Basic is Fairfax Hall, a high-class school for young women. The view both east and west, from the top of the Blue Ridge, just back of Basic and Waynesboro, at the gates of the splendid private estate of Swannanoa, is unsurpassed. At Basic the main line of the C. & O. crosses the Norfolk & Western Railway, Roanoke-to-Hagerstown line.

The McCormick Homestead

The thirty-six miles of auto roads between Staunton and Lexington lead through beautiful



The McCormick Homestead, near Lexington

landscapes and scenes historic. For example, on the line between the counties of Augusta and Rockbridge, near Raphine, is Walnut Grove, the old home of Cyrus McCormick, the inventor and builder of the first successful reaper. Not far away is the old home of Mr. Gibbs, sewing machine inventor.

Lexington and Environs

Lexington, often termed the "Athens of the

South," is so well known as to need no detailed description here. It is the seat of Washington and Lee University and the Virginia Military Institute. Here lived Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, and Matthew F. Maury, and here are the tombs of Lee and Jackson. Here lived also



Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hall, V. M. I.

Margaret J. Preston, whose poetry lives in American literature. Here, or near here, were born Sam Houston and "Big-Foot" Wallace, famous in the annals of the Lone Star State. Near Lexington are the celebrated Goshen Pass, with its monument to Maury; Kerr's Creek, with its scenes of Indian massacre; House Mountain, with its halos of sentiment; and the world-famous Natural Bridge, with its history and its mystery.

The Natural Bridge

The Natural Bridge must be seen to be appreciated. No description, no painting, can do it justice. It is located 14 miles south of Lexington and may be reached easily by automobile. Near it is Natural Bridge railway station at the junction of the C. & O., James River Division,



The Natural Bridge

and the N. & W., Roanoke-to-Hagerstown line. At the Natural Bridge are excellent hotel accommodations.

PART TEN

Caverns of the Shenandoah Valley

With the Natural Bridge, it is the marvelous limestone caverns that make the Valley of Virginia one of the world's great wonderlands. Beauty of landscape and wealth of history can perhaps be matched in a few other regions, but the subterranean fairylands of the Shenandoah Valley stand unrivalled.

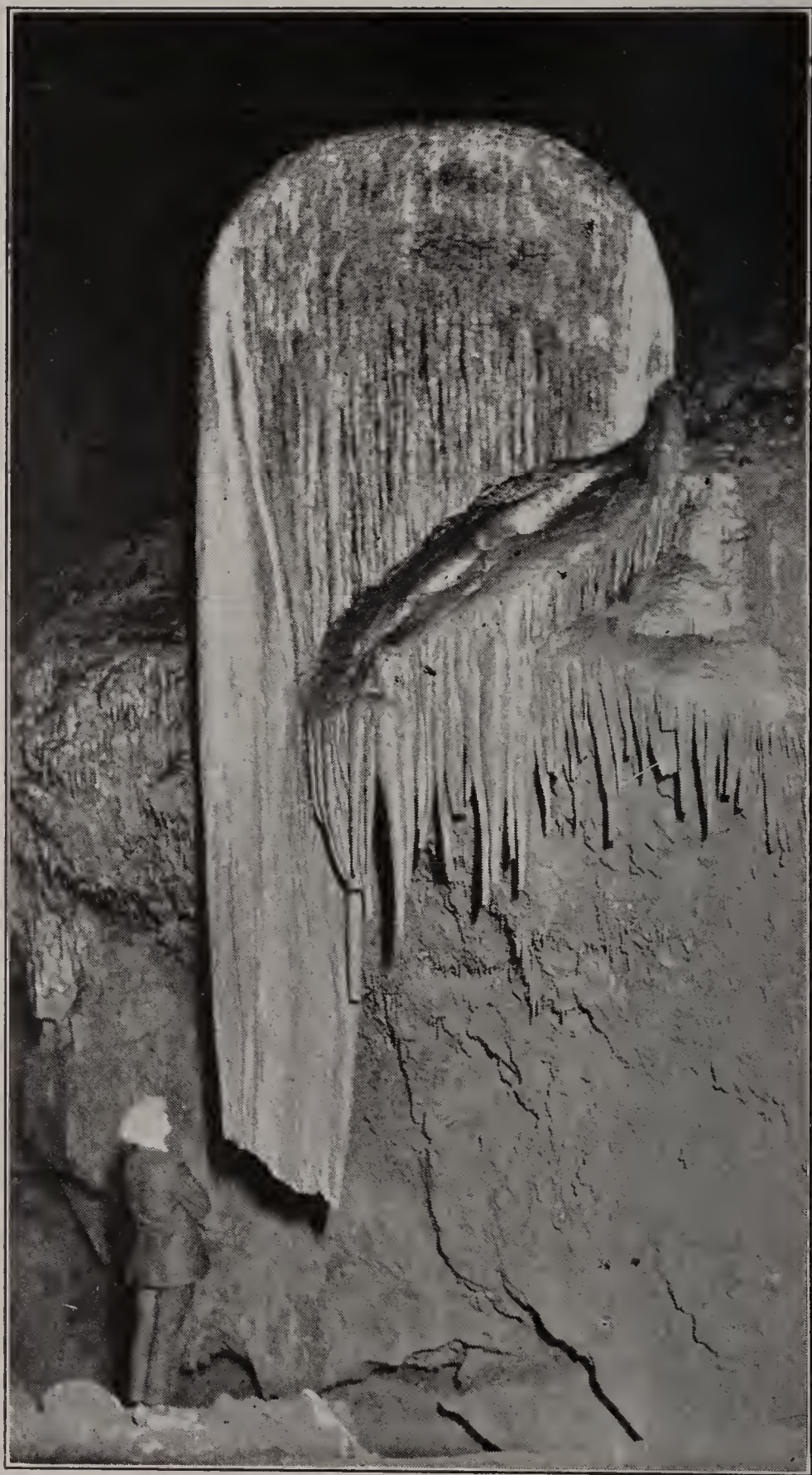
Grottoes of the Shenandoah

The Grottoes of the Shenandoah, formerly known as Weyer's Cave, were discovered in a bluff beside South River in the year 1804 by a hunter, Bernard Weyer. For more than a century they have proved a marvel and a delight to all visitors. Frank H. Taylor of Philadelphia says: "I have painted, sketched, and described many noted caverns. Of them all, the Grottoes are, in my opinion, the most beautiful and profuse in their impressive geological features."

The Bridal Veil, the Pontifical Canopy, Solomon's Temple, the Persian Palace, the Lily Room, the Shell Room, the Grand Glacier, and Cathedral Hall are only a few of the remarkable features of Weyer's Cave. Cathedral Hall is unique in size and beauty.

The railway station of Grottoes, on the N. & W., Roanoke-to-Hagerstown line, is only a mile from the cave. Excursion trains stop at the grounds. Weyer's Cave station, on the Valley Branch of the B. & O., is five miles northwest. Port Republic is only two and a half miles northeast.

The Grottoes may easily be reached by auto from Harrisonburg, Elkton, Waynesboro, Basic, Bridgewater, Port Republic, or Staunton. From



Bridal Veil, Grottoes of the Shenandoah,
Grottoes

the Valley Pike the road to Grottoes turns eastward on the hill just above Burketown. Seven miles, through Weyer's Cave Station, Mt. Meridian, and intervening farms, measure the way to Weyer's Cave Park and Ye Olde Forge Tea Room.

Adjacent to Weyer's Cave is another remarkable series of grottoes, the Cave of the Fountains.

For information regarding these caves, write J. M. Pirkey, Manager, Grottoes, Va.

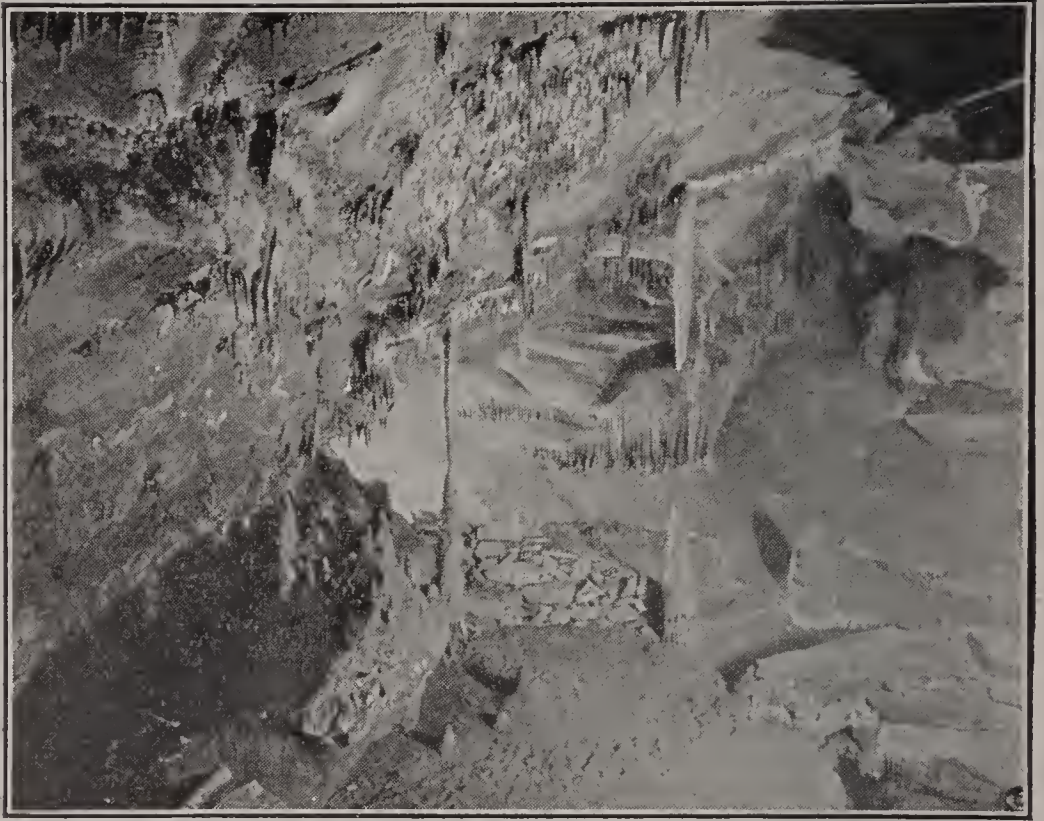
Massanetta Cave

In 1892 hands blasting rock for lime on the lands of Augustine Armentrout, near Keezletown, in Rockingham County, discovered the beautiful wonder now known as Massanetta Cave. It is in one of the foothills of the Massanutten Mountain and may easily be reached via the Chesapeake-Western Railway, or by auto roads from Harrisonburg, Elkton, and Port Republic. It contains 28 apartments and the decorations of stalactites and stalagmites are of great profusion and variety. Scientists and pleasure-seekers are ever delighted with this gem of nature.

Correspondence in regard to Massanetta Cave should be addressed to Mr. Johnson P. Armentrout, Keezletown, Va.

The Endless Caverns

Four miles south of New Market, at the foot of the Massanutten Mountain, Reuben Zirkle and his sons, in the autumn of 1879, discovered a winding labyrinth that honeycombed the hills and that is now famous as the Endless Caverns. In 1919 Colonel Edward T. Brown and others acquired the property, and by the lavish expenditure of wealth have enhanced the wonders of nature with the conveniences of science and art. A good road has been built in to the caverns.

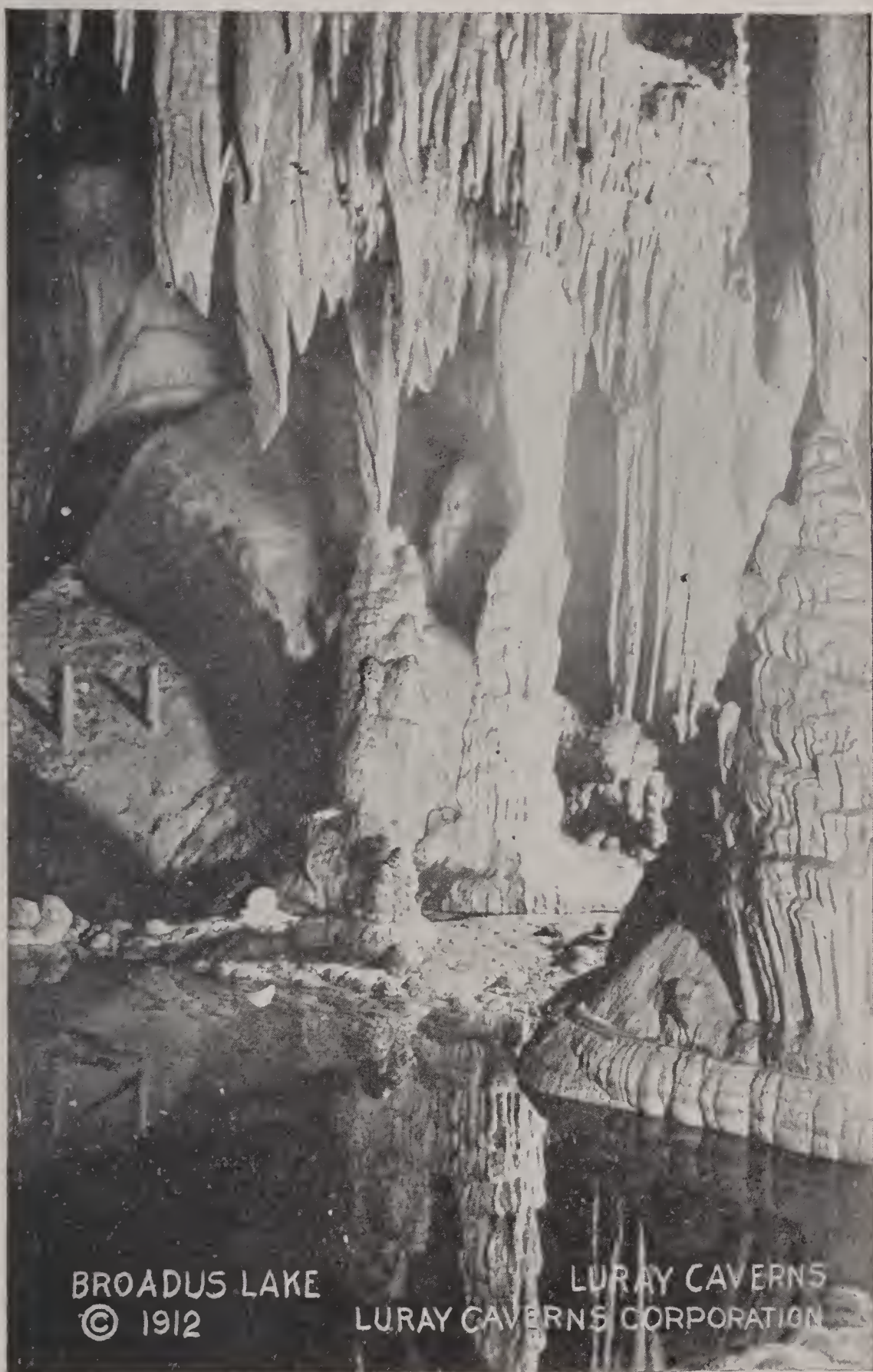


The Gateway to Fairyland, Endless Caverns,
New Market

from the Valley Pike, a beautiful and commodious lodge has been erected, spacious camping grounds have been laid out, and the most approved systems of electric lighting have been installed. Visitors may enter the caverns with equal comfort night or day. The Oriental Palace, the Lake Grotto, the Grand Canyon, the Ball Room, the Gypsy Tent, the Arctic Circle, the Snow Drift, Fairyland, and the Diamond Lake are only some of the marvelous attractions of the Endless Caverns. Fairyland and the Diamond Lake are beautiful beyond description or imagination.

Travelers along the Valley Pike should turn in at the "old log cabin by the lane," which stands hard by the Pike about two miles southwest of New Market. Those coming by the Southern Railway, Harrisonburg Division, should stop at New Market or Harrisonburg.

For an illustrated booklet, address Endless Caverns, New Market, Va.



BROADUS LAKE
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LURAY CAVERNS
LURAY CAVERNS CORPORATION

Broadus Lake, Luray Caverns, Luray

Luray Caverns

“In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.”

These striking lines, so familiar in Luray Cave literature, give one a proper feeling for a descent into the mystic wonderlands of the limestone hills.

Luray Caverns, it is said, were discovered in the year 1878, and shortly thereafter were opened to the public. Their great extent was not at that time dreamed of, but their wonders were a delight from the first to all beholders. From time to time additional labyrinths have been discovered and made accessible to visitors. The Saracen's Tent, the Cathedral, the Bridal Chamber, Giant's Hall, the Fish Market, the Ball Room, Pluto's Chasm, the Elfin Ramble, and the American Eagle are a few of the striking features. The American Eagle and the Saracen's Tent are marvels of mystery and beauty.

To reach Luray one may travel over the N. & W. Railway, Roanoke-to-Hagerstown line, or cross the mountains from east or west by auto. Tourists on the Valley Pike should turn eastward at New Market, where full information regarding the caverns may be obtained.

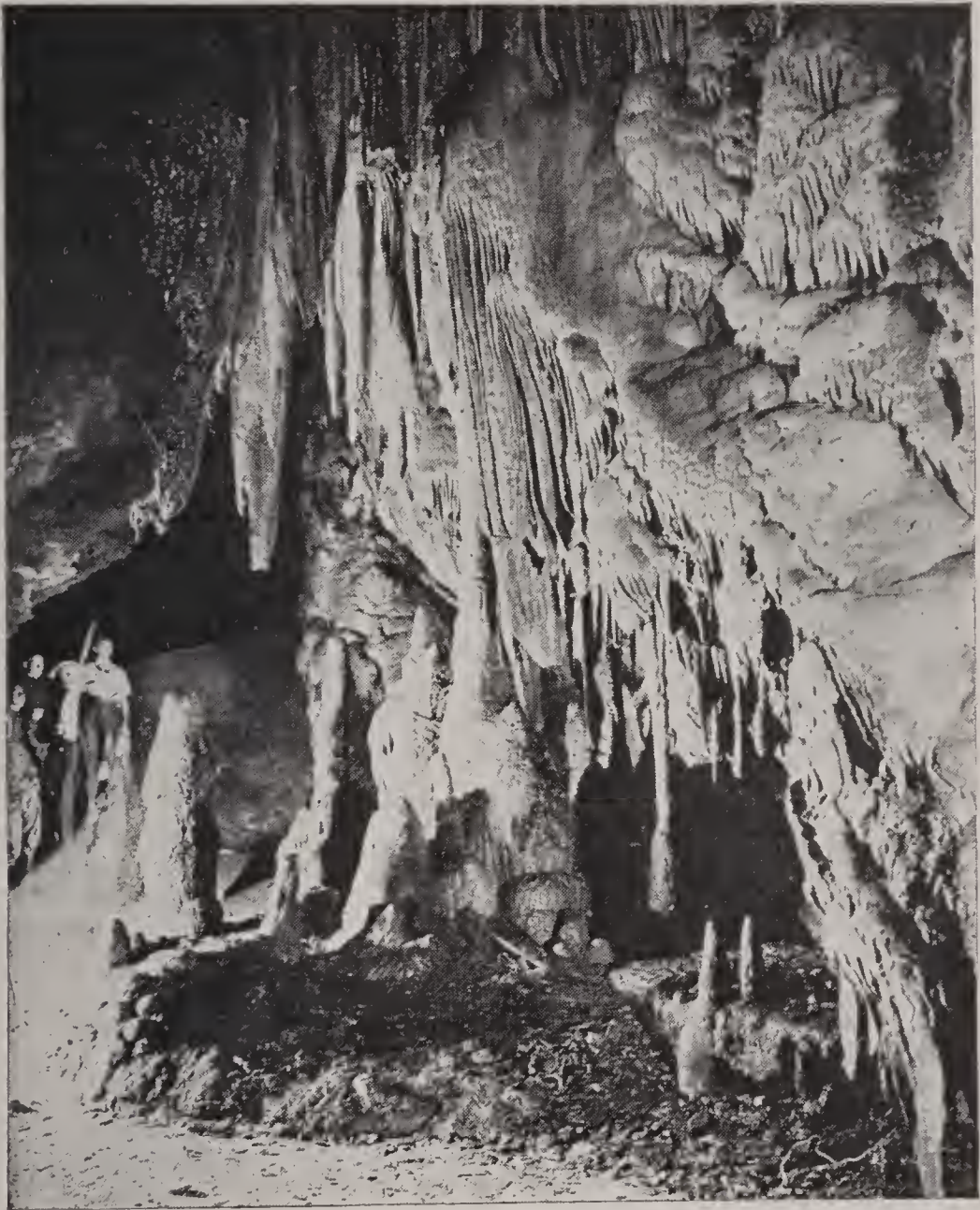
For an interesting descriptive booklet, address Luray Caverns Corporation, Luray, Va.

Shenandoah Caverns

In 1884 a preliminary exploration was made of a cave that had long been known to exist in Neff's Hill, near Quicksburg, Shenandoah County, Virginia. A touch of romance, bordering on tragedy, was soon added by incautious visitors, among them a bride and groom who for thirty-six hours were lost in the stygian depths.

Whether they knew that they were lost or not is still a mystery, but their alarmed friends finally rescued them.

In 1921 Messrs. Manor and Chapman purchased these caverns and began improving the facilities for access and inspection. By the expenditure of large sums of money the work of development was pushed forward rapidly, and since the opening in May, 1922, thousands of



Hunter's Lodge, Shenandoah Caverns, near
Quicksburg

visitors from different parts of the world have been delighted with the wonders that Nature has here wrought out in lavish profusion. The Hunter's Lodge, the Frost King's Palace, the Indian Wigwam, the Capitol Dome, the Leaning Tower, the Hanging Gardens, the Grove of the Druids, and Diamond Cascade are a few of the special attractions in this subterranean wonderland.

Trains on the Southern Railway, Harrisonburg Division, stop at Shenandoah Caverns. The station is only a few hundred yards from the cave entrance. Mt. Jackson and New Market are nearby towns. From Rude's Hill, on the Valley Pike, an auto road leads directly to the caverns, only a mile or two westward. Hotel accommodations may be obtained at the caverns.

Crystal Caverns

On Hupp's Hill, beside the Valley Pike a mile north of Strasburg, and on a part of the famous battlefield of Cedar Creek, may be seen the observation tower and the entrance buildings of Crystal Caverns. Known for many years as Hupp's Cave, this grotto was visited occasionally from the days of early settlement in the Valley, but it was only in January, 1922, that plans were undertaken to make it accessible and attractive to large companies. Since May 30, 1922, it has been open to the public. The Giant's Coffin, the Brontosaurus, the Capitol Dome, the Cannon Balls, and the Ballroom are particular features of Crystal Caverns.

The view of Cedar Creek battlefield and the lower Valley from the observation tower at Crystal Caverns is unsurpassed.



Giant's Casket, Crystal Caverns, near
Strasburg

Landmarks at Night

The tourist who passes along the Valley Pike at night will be cheered for many miles by brilliant lights on either side. At Rude's Hill he will see, off to the northwest, the row of electric orbs that lead up to Shenandoah Caverns. Above New Market he will be attracted by the lights of Endless Caverns, off to the southeast. The most brilliant of the galaxy is a revolving

lamp that throws its far-reaching rays in a perpetual circle, from mountain to mountain.

The message of these lights is, "Welcome!"

The Long Gray Trail

Ninety miles and more it stretches
Up the Valley, towards the south;
Firm it is to wheel and hoof-beat,
Firm it holds in flood and drouth;
And it links the towns and cities,
Jewels on a silver chain,
Shining in their emerald settings,
In the broad and fertile plain.

Leading out from fair Winchester,
'Cross Opequon's silver stream,
Through the fields of hard-fought battles,
And where Shendo's waters gleam,
Far along the Massanutten,
Where the shadows blend and play,
On it leads to the hills of Staunton—
Betsy Bell and Mary Gray!

Straight it runs for leagues of distance,
Here and there a crook or turn;
Now it leaps a creek or river,
Or caresses bank and burn;
But it never halts or falters,
On it leads through night and day,
Like a cheering path of promise—
'Tis a fine old honest way!

It is gray with dust of limestone,
Ground by myraid pounding feet,
And by wheels that turn unceasing
Through the hours and minutes fleet;
For the whole long trail is bordered
With the native rocks of gray,
Strewn in scattered heaps about it,
As from giant hands at play.

It is gray with age and hoary
From the passing of the years,
Long unknown in white man's story,
Though beset with hopes and fears;
For the red men in their journeys
Passed this way in the long ago,
Now to visit friendly neighbors,
Now to attack some distant foe.

And perchance before the red men
Made it path to friends and foes,
It was marked out through the woodlands
By the shaggy buffaloes,
Choosing well the fairer levels,
Grading true each slope and hill—
Masters of their craft and cunning,
Engineers of matchless skill!

Can you feel again the romance
Of this ancient long gray trail?
Can you hear the stages rattling,
And the trav'ler's lusty hail?
Can you see the long procession
Of the endless marching years?
Hear the laughter that has kissed them,
Or the splash of blood and tears?

It is gray with ghosts of warriors,
Hosts in blue and hosts in gray,
Thronging through the martial Sixties—
This was Stonewall Jackson's way!
Hear you shouts of horsemen charging,
Echoes that shall never fail?
Now, methinks, I hear a bugle,
Sounding down the long gray trail.

It is calling from the shadows
Of a twilight far away,
To the souls of heroes dying—
Dying at the close of day;
Or, it may be, only sleeping,

Waiting for the Captain's call
To awake and gird for battle
In the morning—that is all!

O my Valley! Beauteous Valley!
You have seen and you have heard
More than I can feel or utter,
More than lies in human word;
You have watched and you have listened;
And though voice and song should fail,
You'll still cheer and you'll still shelter
All that pass the long gray trail.

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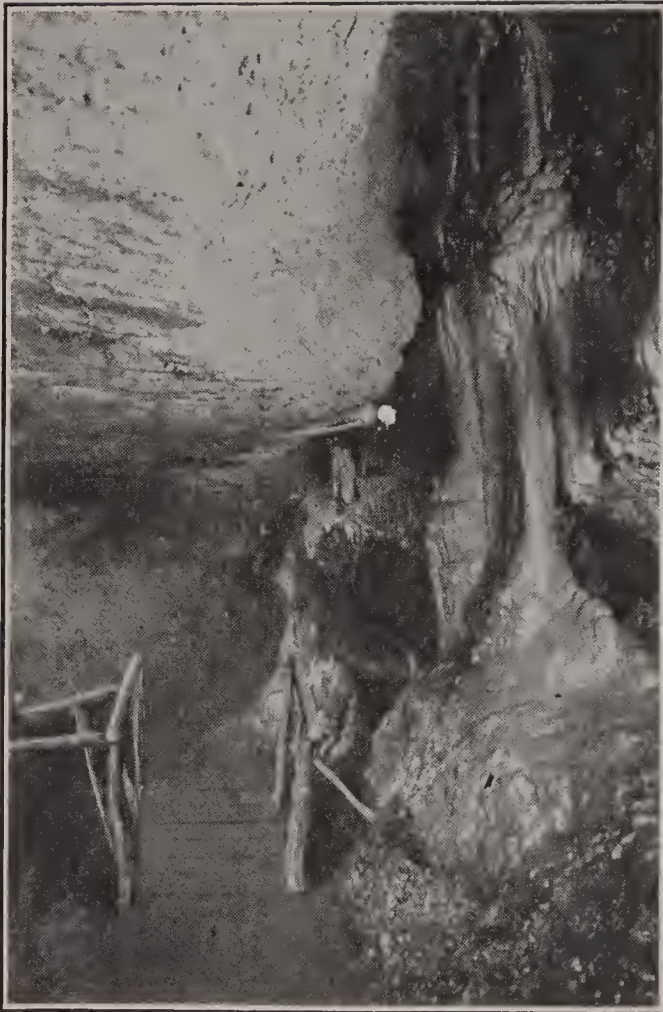
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